

**Nixon \$3 Bill Howard Hughes Underwear
Horny Hippy Housewives Attack of the Pet Rocks**

PDC
59148-8

Sept. '76 \$1

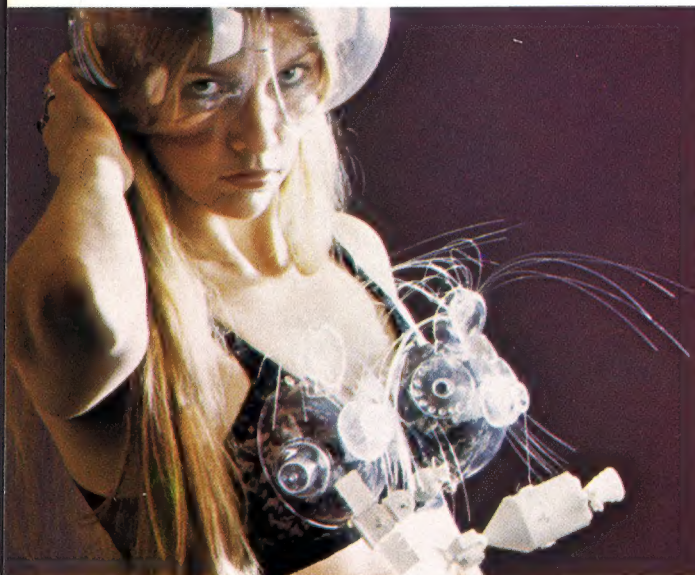
INTERNATIONAL INSANITY



**SWINE FLU
INVADES U.S.**

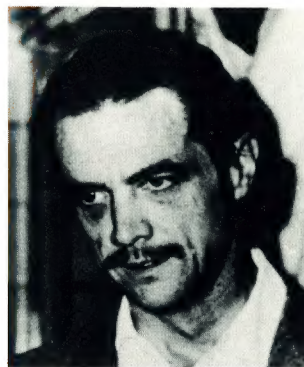


SUMMA CORP. U-WEAR Computerized skivvies vibrate at 300 cycles per second or, when keyed to appropriate punch cards, the circadian rhythms of the female estrus cycle. (Batteries not included.)



APOLLO-SOYEZ Exact $1/72$ scale models of our Soviet-American joint venture for the big link up in your life.

*The latest
technological advances
in ladies' lingerie.*



The Hughes Collection

In 1947, Howard Hughes designed a cantilevered, uplift bra for buxom Jane Russell to wear in the Hughes movie, "The Outlaw." This stupendous engineering and architectural feat brought him front-page attention and public adulation in the form of gross receipts at the box office. As his last legacy, the eccentric recluse Hughes, working with the most recent advances in lasers and masers, updated his innovative concepts in under-pinnings and created a line of computerized underwear destined to astound the world.



THE SPRUCE GOOSE Aerial uplift bandeau supports and maintains stability when dealing with oversize fuselage.



HUGHES' TOOL ROCKET BOOSTERS For the jet set, the perfect travel bikini. Twin engine exhaust facilitates rapid hip movements during brief encounters.

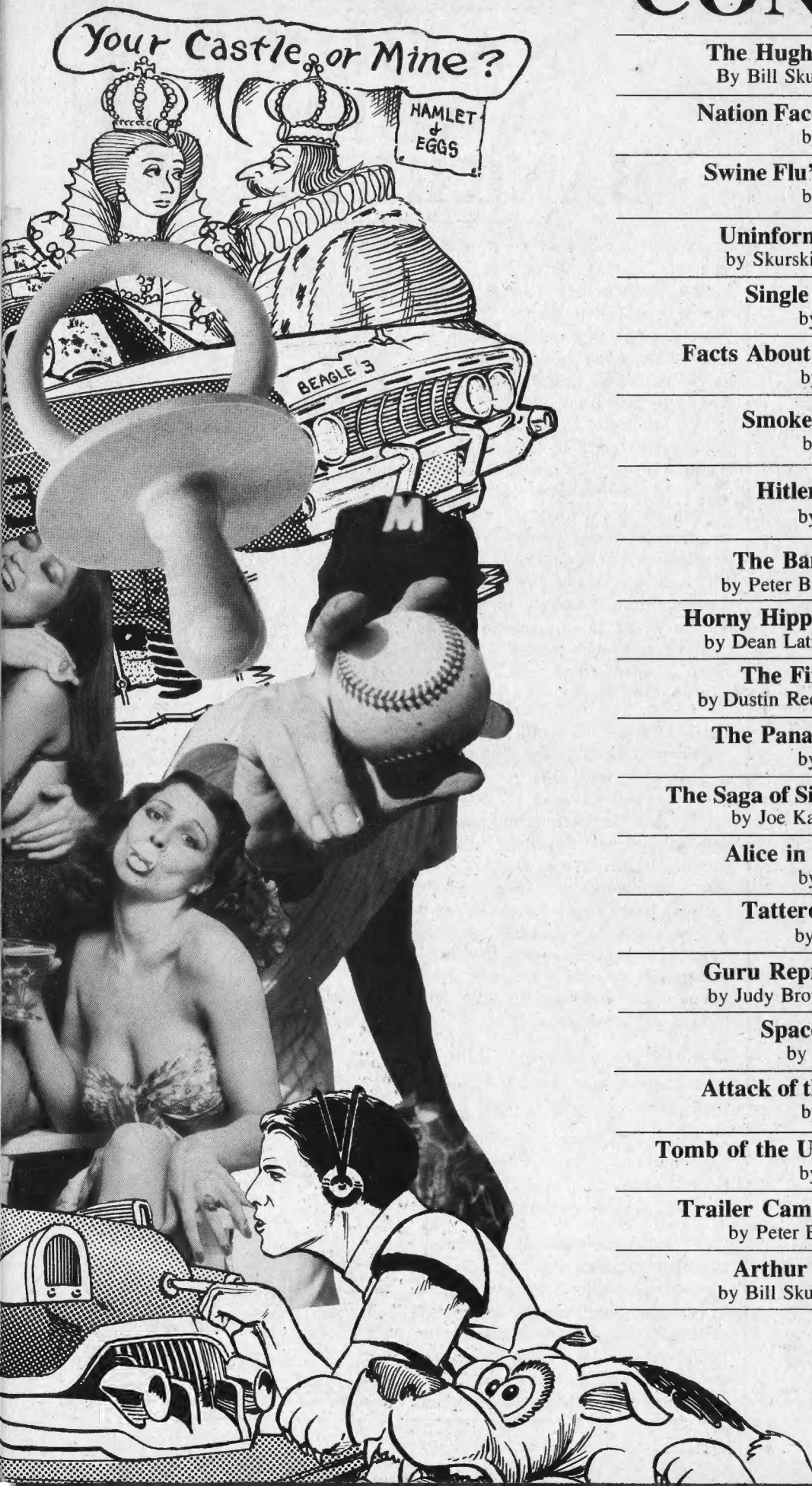


THE RKO DUAL LENS The lingerie to record orgasmic events. For foreplay and, later, replay. In home movie blue and other assorted technicolors.

SANITARY SKIVVIES A germ-free atmosphere pervades when breast and face are seductively shrouded with high capacity carbon filters. Sterile negligee included.



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INTERNATIONAL INSANITY
is published bi-monthly in the United States by
Phi Publishing Company, Inc., 540 Madison Ave-
nue, New York, N.Y. 10022. July, 1976, Vol. 1,
No. 2. Copyright © 1976 by Phi Publishing Co.,
Inc. All rights reserved. Subscription: six issues
(one year) in U.S. and Canada for \$6; single copy,
\$1. Similarity without satiric purpose to any ac-
tual names, characters, persons and/or institu-
tions used in this magazine is purely coinciden-
tal. Not responsible for unsolicited material; all
submissions must be accompanied by stamped,
self-addressed envelope. Publisher assumes no
responsibility in case of loss.

Application to mail at second class postage rate
is pending at New York, New York and at addi-
tional mailing offices.

Advertising representative: Lawrence Levine
Associates Inc., 380 Madison Avenue, New York,
N.Y. 10017.

An International Insanity Editorial

NATION FACES BANKRUPTCY

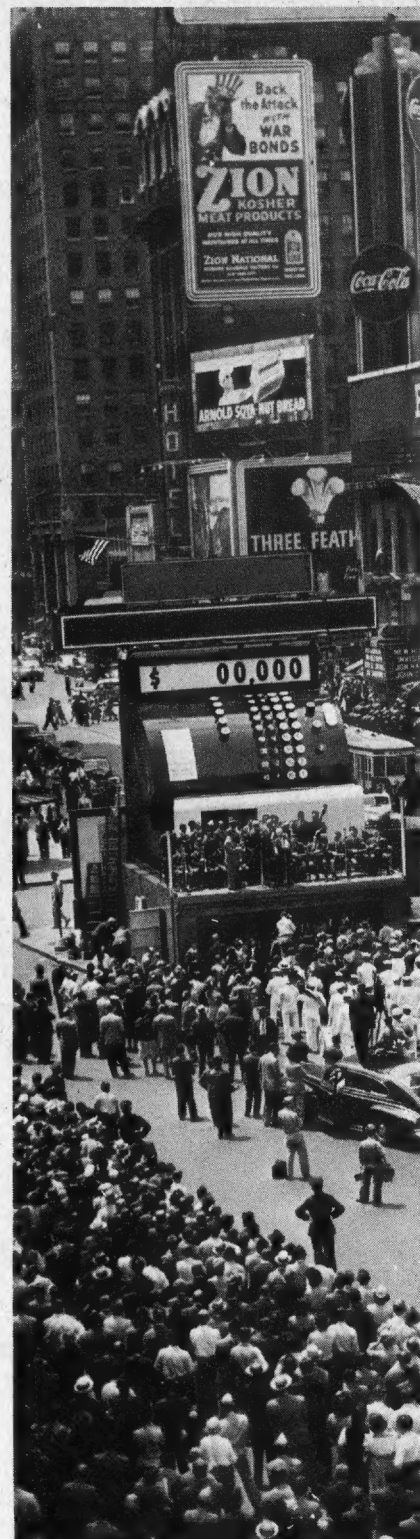
Every day, newspapers report new as-
tronomical salaries for personalities in
such diverse fields as sports, enter-
tainment and news coverage. Reporters
Woodward and Bernstein, once content
to slave away on newspapers for a pal-
try 20 grand or so, now find themselves
having to hire Brinks trucks to make
weekly desposits at their banks when
the royalties come in on their books.
Barbara Walters can virtually bankrupt
Chase Manhattan simply by cashing
her check on a busy 15th of the
month—without giving Nelson
Rockefeller's brother David advance
notice of her coming. As for football
players, they had enough trouble tack-
ling Larry Czonka *before* his raise. If he
should ever wear his money belt, it will
add 675 pounds to his bulk and it will
take a Sherman tank to bring him down.

President Ford, in his infinite wisdom,
has ordered the U.S. Treasury to mint
and disseminate \$2 bills. As usual he
is too late with too little. IT IS OBVI-
OUS from the latest round of labor
negotiations, where even the little man
(the San Francisco cop, the New York
City transit worker, etc.) is going to be
carrying home a pork-barrel full of ad-
ditional monies each week, that we
must have higher demoniation bills.
Otherwise, the sight of people walking
around with wheelbarrows filled with
fiduciary is inevitable.

In our opinion, it is imperative that we
act now to outlaw coins and all bills
under \$5.

As it is, hospitals across the country are
reporting an epidemic of strangulated
hernias, the result of men unable to bear
the burden of overweight wallets.

Our choices are either the printing of
higher-denomination bills or a Com-
munist takeover of the government.
This way a more equitable distribution
of wealth will enrich a hierarchy of
higher-ups and leave the working mas-
ses once more happy and carefree and
no longer enslaved to excessive wealth.



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— YOUR SUCCESS

— YOUR COMPLETE
NATAL CHART

— YOUR FINANCIAL FUTURE

Astrology has brought riches, satisfaction, and contentment to millions . . . for thousands of years . . . real indepth astrology not the sunsign daily newspaper type of horoscope.

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II-2

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Month _____ City _____

Date _____ State _____

Year _____ Country _____

Time of Birth if known _____ A.M. _____ P.M.
If exact time isn't known we'll use 12:00 noon.

INTERNATIONAL INSANITY'S UNINFORMED SOURCES:

*In which our totally out-of-touch correspondents fail to fill us in
on what's happening in the world today*

JIMMY CARTER RECEIVED SMILE TRANSPLANT

Democratic Presidential hopeful Jimmy Carter's facial architecture is "medically impossible," says Dr. Ignatius Soandso, the leading proponent of Orthodontiafedapedia, the science of divining facial engineering.

Dr. Soandso theorizes that Carter's toothy grin was actually transplanted from

the body of famed Stepin Fetchit, a brilliant black folk foot educator, whose most important work was done in California in the 1930's and 40's.

"Only rigor mortis could hold a smile that long," the doctor commented.

Soandso would like to borrow Carter's mouth for a series of laboratory tests.



Do-it-yourselfer Melva Minestrone has stopped stuffing envelopes for her pin money. Instead, the resourceful housewife performs at-home surgery on her kitchen table for a fraction of the fee charged by a G.P. "Anybody who can stitch a seam can mend little bodies in her spare time," according to Melva.

DOC SHOCKLEY

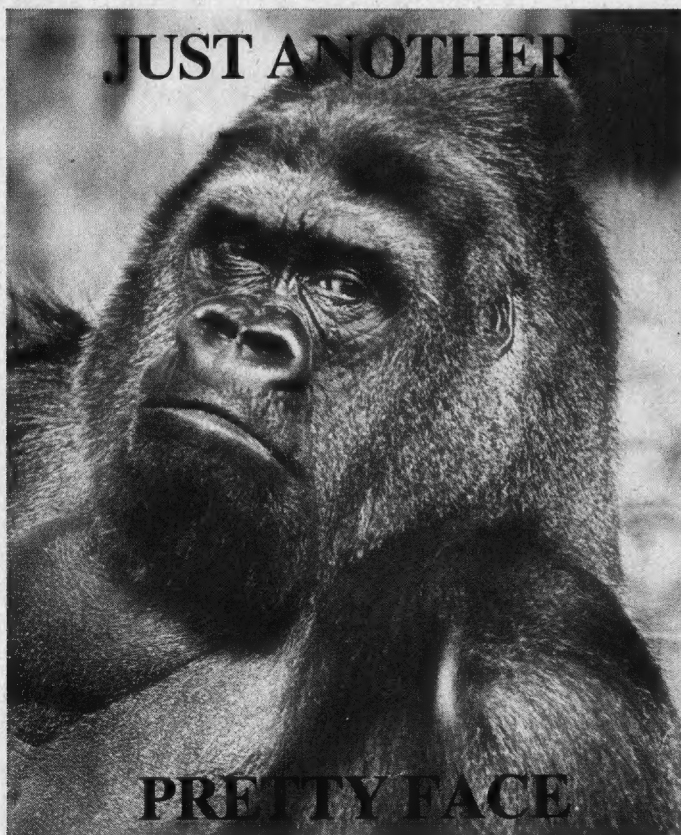


(Doc Shockley is an internationally recognized uninformed authority on a variety of vital subjects. This is his first column for International Insanity.)

Latest word in sociological circles has it that, contrary to previous reports, life in America's black ghettos is "not all that bad" . . . Recent studies indicate that blacks are approximately 36% happier than Caucasians . . . Fewer than 45% of all professional basketball players (average annual salary: \$100,000) are Caucasian . . . Says Muhammed Ali: "I am the greatest" . . . "I feel like a sex machine," writes James Brown . . . Sexologists confirm that, on the average, blacks have more sex than do Caucasians . . . There is no explanation for increased

black sexual appetite . . . From Hollywood comes word that Robert Redford has been turned down for God role in forthcoming biblical epic, *All the Pharaoh's Men*. Black actor Fred Williamson reportedly will receive the nod instead . . . Recent academic surveys reveal that many black educators enjoy less working knowledge of the world than the majority of their Caucasian students . . . They receive, however, salaries comparable to those paid to Caucasian educators.

Note: Shortly after completing this, his debut column, Doc Shockley passed away. His funeral was attended by some half-dozen mourners. The average black funeral attracts anywhere from four to six times that number.)





Just one of the tastefully erotic illustrations in the upcoming "Joy of Sex in Sports." Here: The Flying Fuck.

CAPOTE ASSASSINATED!

New York—Truman Capote, the little lisping literati and former darling of the jet set, died last evening when an unknown assailant flung a glass of an inferior Pennsylvania champagne, Morte de Pittsburgh, in his face. Doctors have determined that a heart attack, brought on by the revolt of his taste buds, was the cause of death.

Capote had just finished writing, and was about to publish, a book about the rich and famous, "Answered Prayers." He had been researching his factual novel in the chic-est men's rooms of America and Europe for the last 10 years.

Investigation of the murder is being hindered by the lengthy list of suspects. A partial list of those being questioned by the police include: Jackie Onassis, Lee Radziwill, Jean Cocteau, Greta Garbo, Gloria Vanderbilt, Whitney, Doris Duke, the Shah of Iran, Aly Khan, Peggy Guggenheim, Cyril Connolly, Marlene Dietrich, Gore Vidal, Christopher Isherwood, Cole Porter, Kim Novak, Barbara Hutton, Porfiro Rubirosa, Cecil Beaton and an aging Italian singer who sues everyone who prints his name.



R. Barrets

FORD BUYS PANAMA CANAL

Better Bargain Than Brooklyn Bridge, Sez Prez

THIS IS WALTER CRONKITE —
WE NOW SWITCH YOU
TO VAIL, COLORADO WHERE
PRESIDENT FORD IS ENJOYING
HIS SUMMER VACATION.



Bill Plympton © 76

NEXT WEEK ON MARY HOPHEAD

Relative tranquility reigns in Fernwood. Sgt. Folley discovers a suspicious white powder in a cardboard container beneath Mary's kitchen sink. He sends it to the police lab to be analyzed. To combat the migraine headaches caused by the onset of pre-pubescence, Heather steps up her use of heroin cut by increasing amounts of Arthritis Pain Formula. Tom confides his potency problem to a fellow at the plant who sells him a "herb" cure for \$45 an ounce.

Sgt. Folley finds a suspicious white powder in a plastic shake bottle in Mary's bathroom cabinet and sends it to the police lab to be analyzed. Grandpa's physician, Dr. Quackenbush, prescribes an over-the-counter drug, cocaine, for Grandpa's blocked sinuses. Tom stashes his potency cure in Mary's spice rack. Charley and Loretta run out of the whipped cream they needed to make Shirley Temples for their Tuesday evening Bible class and decide to check out the whipping gas in the dispenser to see if it caused the problem.

In order to supplement her baby sitting earnings, Heather takes a part-time job on the corner of Third and Main streets. Mary is happy that her daughter will now be too busy to watch TV after the Family Hour. Because medicaid does not cover the high cost of his new decongestant, Grandpa offers to manage Heather's freelance work on Third and Main. Mary lends Tom's stash to Mrs. Chumley who has run out of oregano.



Sgt. Folley discovers a suspicious white powder in a china canister on Mary's dining room table. He sends it to the police lab to be analyzed. Mr. Chumley, after a meal of home-made spaghetti, string beans, oregano and salad with Italian dressing, decides to take the lawn mower out for a little spin. Mary's mother, visibly affected by her heavy meal, has a dream in which she makes love to Tom Snyder and the entire NBC News cast and crew. When Charlie's lips and fingertips turn blue after inhaling the "whipping air," Loretta interprets it as a sign from the Lord to do missionary work on the Alaska pipe line.

The lab reports come back with conclusive evidence of Mary's addiction to baby powder, refined white sugar and new, improved action Duz. Loretta and Charlie, equipped with two cases of whipped cream dispensers and Bibles, travel north to convert the heaten in Fairbanks. Grandpa and Heather invest the profits of their joint business venture in a chain of Tastee-Freezes. The Chumleys buy their oregano in bulk and Mary goes to the supermarket to stock up on suspicious white powders. In a fit of pique, Tom caulks the driveway.

WE'RE ALL SWINES ABOUT THE FLU VIRUS

Inject Pigs Not People

OFF THE PIG! It's about time we often-inhuman humans stopped blaming the helpless and much maligned pig for all of society's woes. "You're filthy as a pig!" scream indignant mothers to young offspring who come home candidates for Bold advertisements. "Pig!" is the epithet most often hurled by the brothers when the brothers don't shout "Mothers!" Flashers, and all manner of sexual offenders, are assailed by the loathsome tag, "Dirty pig!" Pig is the animal deemed too loathsome to eat by Orthodox Jews and Muslims. Nutritionists warn about eating pig meat and getting trichinosis. Even the word pigmy, like the porcine animal that bears the name pig, is someone who gets the short end of the stick.

So, OFF THE PIG! Let's

not place the blame for a virulent disease on the worst scapegoat in history.

Remember, that the three little pigs got huffed and puffed on for your sins. Think about Porky Pig's brilliant artistic efforts in movie cartoons. And dwell on football games, observing a moment's silent tribute for the pigskin, which spends the game getting kicked around, as usual.

So, once more, OFF THE PIG! Put the blame on Mame, or Maine, or on anyone but a most misunderstood porcine pal who has been oppressed for eons . . . to the extent that its horizons are limited and its future is so constricted that the animal's glum motto is a restrictive, "The sty's the limit."

Rejection, yes . . . Injection, never!—P.H.

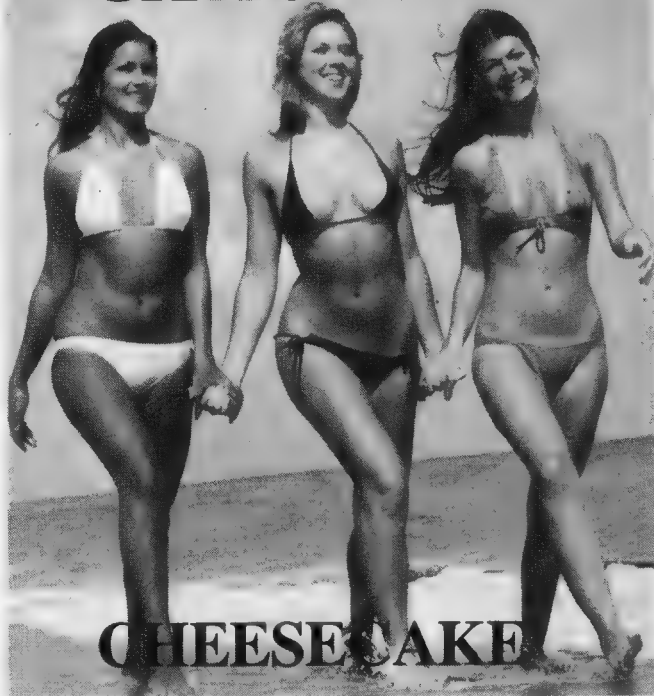


ACU-PIMPLE

Mainland Chinese doctors have discovered that an incorrect confluence of the energy forces known as "Chi" create a lesion on the skin. However, if the pressure points are properly manipulated with a sharpened chopstick, the "Chi" forces

are released and easily washed away. Cher Bono has volunteered to be the first American "guinea pig" for Acu-Pimple. Cher's press agent reports: "Cher has expressed complete belief in the Eastern Zit therapy."

GRATUITOUS

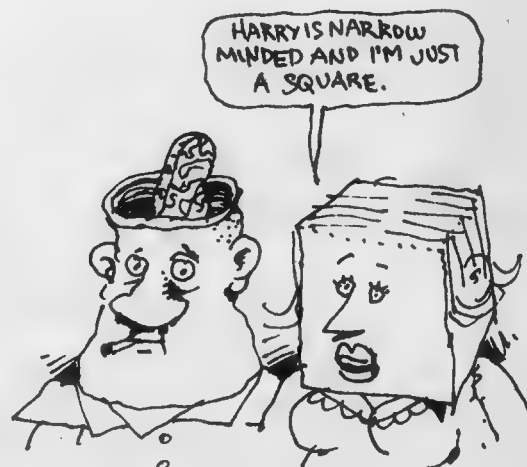


CHEESE

POLISH PREMISES PUSHERS

WARSAW—Five men were arrested today while pushing a house down Walaski Avenue.

When questioned by the authorities, Landlord Kaslu Mitsku explained that they were attempting to jump start the oil burner.



TEXAS FARMER LOSES WIFE TO MYSTERIOUS FORCES OF EVIL

Pig farmer Walter Podlapcek and his wife Bertha were returning to their small farm on the New Mexico border after a bingo party at the Vega Grain Elevator. As they turned off the main highway and proceeded down a smaller dirt road, Bertha heard a strange cackling sound. From this point on, the journey turned into a living hell. "At first I just thought it was Bertha's imagination because she's given to thinking like that," said Podlapcek.

But soon the cackling became louder and strange, menacing shadows loomed all around their 1954 Dodge pick-up truck. "I didn't pay much attention to Bertha's screaming until I noticed that these things seemed to be giant ducks, leaping about and flapping their wings."

As the duckforms continued their strange dance of evil, the farmer drove faster. "I seen lots of ducks before, but I never heard one cackle. Wisht I'd had my Polaroid."

Realizing his situation to be an unusual one, Mr. Podlapcek attempted to run down one of the leering ducks so that he'd have some proof of his vision for the boys at the Grange. But as he tried, his headlights went out and a strange, eerie green glow lit up the surrounding desert. A horrified Mrs. Podlapcek passed out. "She fell right over, and her false teeth fell out," stated the farmer. "One of those weird mallards appeared and took the false teeth right out of her lap."

While the little truck careened down the lonely dirt road the menacing blue ducks tried to overturn it. The farmer's wife came to, and tried to assail the duck that had stolen her plates. "She looked pretty funny whacking at that duck with the canned ham she'd just won at bingo."

Suddenly a mighty wind sprang up and there was a dust storm the likes of which had never seen in those parts. The wicked ducks continued plucking at the car for spare parts, and reaching through the windows to tear at their clothes. "When one of those bastards picked my spectacles right off my nose, I asked Bertha to drive, but when I looked for her, she wasn't there. One of those ugly critters must have got her."

Saddened by the loss of his wife, but still plucky, the farmer drove on. He was determined to outrun the sinister ducks. As he finally reached his farm, he tried to stop the truck. "Some power of the Devil had hold on my truck, because it wouldn't stop even when I turned off the motor."

"That was when I ran through the wall of the barn and killed my son who was milking the cow. That stopped the truck, and I jumped out and ran to the house for my shotgun. When I come out again, all them nasty ducks was just running around the barnyard kicking all my animals. I fired a few rounds of buckshot at them and they disappeared as quick they'd come."

Why did this malevolent force attack this innocent and simple farmer? Could this happen to anyone on that lonely Texas road? Research has revealed no other such incidents in the area. "There's definitely evil forces in this world. Sure wish I'd had my Brownie," mused the farmer. "Hardly nobody believes me."

Asked how this queer event has affected his life, the Texas farmer replied, "Well, Bertha was a good women, but it sure will be hard to slaughter all the hogs this year without Junior's help."

UP HIGH ABOVE MANHATTAN'S TEEMING PAVEMENTS IN THE OFFICES OF "GLOSS," A FASHION MAGAZINE FOR WOMEN, DEMURE CHIEF COPY WRITER SHEILA WALPURGIS AND HER SPUNKY ASSISTANT, SUSAN, ASK FOR A RAISE...

NO CAN DO, LUV. AD PAGE REVENUE JUST ISN'T UP TO SNUFF. IF YOU WANT MORE BREAD YOU'LL HAVE TO GET IT FROM ANOTHER BOSS.

YOU MEAN GET ANOTHER JOB?

NO, CHICKIE-BABY, GET MARRIED. HEH, HEH.

SWINE! THIS MALE DOMINATED CAPITALISTIC CONCERN MAKES MILLIONS EXPLOITING FEMALE FEARS OF NEGATIVE BODY IMAGE...

CAR 119. ROBBERY IN PROGRESS AT THE FIRST WOMEN'S BANK.

...AND HER SIDEKICK IN SISTERHOOD, SUSIE!

THIS LOOKS LIKE A JOB FOR SINGLE WOMAN!

Single Woman

--A SUPERIOR, AUTONOMOUS BEING WHO USES HER RELEVANT SINGLE POWERS TO ERADICATE THE FORCES OF OPPRESSION AND CHAUVINISM IN THE NEVER-ENDING BATTLE FOR EQUALITY, JUSTICE AND THE THREE-MINUTE ORGASM.



JOIN US NOW AS OUR HEROINE VIES AGAIN WITH HER ARCHENEMY, PIGGY, IN:

"SINGLE WOMAN MEETS MR. WRIGHT"

WRITTEN BY
JUDY BROWN
ILLUSTRATED BY
MIKE NASSER
AND
JOSEF RUBINSTEIN

IF IT ISN'T
THAT SWINE VIRUS,
PIGGY.

WHEN *WILL* YOU GIRLS
LEARN THAT YOUR ECONOMIC
PLACE IS IN THE HOME?

STILL NOT
WEARING UNDERWEAR,
SINGLE WOMAN?
AREN'T YOU AFRAID
OF CATCHING COLD?

FILL MY PORK BARREL WITH
THE MONEY AND I'LL REDISTRIBUTE
IT TO THE CAPABLE HANDS OF YOUR
HUSBANDS AND FATHERS.
OINK! OINK!

THERE
SHE IS!

TAKE THAT,
PORK-BUTT!

SINGLE WOMAN'S
DROPPED HER
WATCH!

SORRY ABOUT THAT,
SINGLE WOMAN, BUT WHAT
WITH THE RISE IN VIOLENT
CRIMES PERPETRATED BY
WOMEN, WE THOUGHT...

QUITE ALL
RIGHT, BOYS, BUT
YOU'D BE BETTER
OFF DUSTING FOR
PIGGY'S
HOOFPRINTS.

AND AS THE COPS
APPREHEND
SINGLE WOMAN,
BY MISTAKE...

LATER
PIGGY DISCOVERS
AN INCREDIBLE
SECRET!

TO
SHEILA
HAPPY SWEET 16
MOMMY
AND DADDY

THAT MEANS THAT
SINGLE WOMAN
IS *REALLY* MY...

I LIVE TO
OPPRESS ANOTHER
DAY! UP YOURS,
SINGLE WOMAN.

LATER

OUR VALIANT SINGLE WOMEN
REPAIR TO MAXWELL'S PLUM,
A FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD SALOON,
FOR SOME WELL-DESERVED REST
AND RECREATION...

RIDE
ON,
SISTER!

EARLY NEXT MORNING, THE PHONE RINGS...



SHEILA, SWEETHEART, THIS IS DADDY. IT'S ABOUT YOUR MOTHER.

WHAT ABOUT HER?

SHE MISSES YOU TERRIBLY, HONEY, SINCE YOU LEFT HOME AND MOVED TO THAT DIRTY CITY.

OH, SHIT!

LATER THAT DAY, IN THE LONG ISLAND HOME OF STANLEY AND MYRA WALPURGIS...

TOASTER. SEARCH FOR TOMORROW. HAMBURGER HELPER.

AFTER WE ORGANIZED THE DAY-CARE CENTER, WE SET UP A SELF-HELP CLINIC...



UH, YES, SHEILA, THAT'S ALL VERY INTERESTING. WOULD YOU MAKE SOME COFFEE, MYRA, DEAR?

CAN'T YOU SEE WHAT YOU'VE DONE TO THAT WOMAN? HER LIFE HAS NO MEANING SINCE HER LITTLE GIRL LEFT HOME.

I THOUGHT SHE JOINED THE LEAGUE OF WOMEN VOTERS.

YES, I SAW TO IT THAT YOUR MOTHER INFLTRATED--UH, JOINED-- THAT WORTHY ORGANIZATION. BUT ONLY YOU CAN HELP HER NOW.



ARE YOU SURE SHE'S CHANGED SO MUCH? I SEEM TO REMEMBER...

YOU MUST FULFILL YOUR DESTINY AS A WOMAN AND GIVE YOUR MOTHER THE GRANDCHILDREN SHE CRAVES!

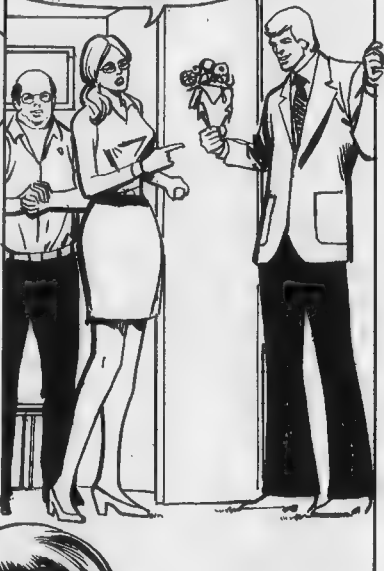
NOW, WAIT A MINUTE.



OF COURSE, YOU'D HAVE TO MEET AND MARRY THE RIGHT FELLOW FIRST, BUT...

YOUR DAUGHTER IS AS LOVELY AS YOU SAID SHE WAS. MISS WALPURGIS, I AM HARRISON J. WRIGHT.

OH, MR. WRIGHT, HOW **ARCHAIC** OF YOU, AND IT'S **MS.**



HARRISON CHIVALROUSLY SHIELDS SHEILA FROM METROPOLITAN TRANSIT MASHERS BY ESCORTING HER BACK TO MANHATTAN.

SUPERB LAY, HARRY.

HAVE THERE BEEN... OTHER MEN?

SURE, PLENTY OF 'EM. EVER SINCE GOD BOTCHED HER FIRST TRY AND CREATED ADAM.



AND LATER...

NOT... MY MOTHER'S WEDDING DRESS!

DARLING, YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL WITHOUT YOUR GLASSES. HERE, THIS IS FOR YOU.

I HOPE YOU LIKE THE RING, CUPCAKE. YOUR FATHER HELPED PICK IT OUT.

STATION WAGON. TOASTER. OVEN-PROOF BAKE WARE.

A NICE LITTLE SPLIT-LEVEL IN THE SUBURBS...

I'M GOING TO BE, MRS. WRIGHT. ISN'T IT NIFTY?

BOO, HOO. I'LL NEVER KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE ENGAGED.

POOR BABY. YOU CAN TRY MY RING ON.

CAN IT REALLY BE? A WEDDING GOWN-- THE ONE OBJECT THAT CAN STUN SINGLE WOMAN INTO INSENSIBILITY AND ROB HER OF HER RELEVANT SINGLE POWERS!

AND SO, THE DEVIL CIRCLET OF GOLD AND DIAMOND HAS ERASED THE LAST TRACES OF SINGLE WOMAN AND HOLDS SHEILA WALPURGIS IN DOMESTIC BONDAGE. IS THERE NO WAY OUT?

...AND I'M GONNA QUIT MY JOB AND HAVE LOTS AND LOTS OF BABIES!

SHEILA, WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOU?!

UGH! IT'S STUCK! THIS LOOKS LIKE PIGGY'S DIRTY WORK.

THE AWFUL DAY OF SHEILA'S UNPLEASANT DREAMS AND SUSIE WRACKS HER BRAIN FOR A PLAN.

SOMETHING OLD, SOMETHING NEW

JUST PUT IT ON UNDER THE DRESS.

YOU HAVEN'T CREAMED YOUR HANDS YET!

NOW THE RING SLIPS OFF SHEILA'S FINGER EASILY.



IN THE CHAPEL OF LOVE.

DON'T FORGET THE "OBEY!"

KY JELLY. VAGINAL SUPPOSITORIES. STRAWBERRY DOUCHE.

DEARLY BELOVED...

STOP!

DRINK THIS. IT'S THE HOUSE CHABLIS FROM MAXWELL'S PLUM.

THE INSTITUTION OF MARRIAGE IS THE CHIEF VEHICLE FOR THE SUBJUGATION OF WOMEN.

FREE YOURSELF BEFORE YOU ENSLAVE OTHERS, MR. WRIGHT!

THE MAGIC ELIXIR COMPLETES SHEILA'S TRANSFORMATION BACK TO SINGLE WOMAN!

OOF!

I'LL GET YOU YET, SINGLE WOMAN!

IS THIS THE LAST OF PIGGY'S VILE MACHINATIONS TO BEND SINGLE WOMAN TO THE NORMS OF CULTURAL MYTH? WILL MR. WRIGHT JOIN MALE CONSCIOUSNESS RAISING? CAN SUSIE FINALLY FIND THE THREE-MINUTE ORGASM?

PLUNE IN NEXT TIME FOR ANOTHER AROUSING IDEOLOGICAL ADVENTURE OF SINGLE WOMAN.



Fantastic New Breakthrough In Computer Technology!

NOW A COMPUTER CAN FIND YOUR LUCKY NUMBERS

And Lucky Days! Lucky Months! Lucky Moves!
(In Career, Love, Lotteries, Sweepstakes, Sports, Games, Gambling, Business, Investments, etc. etc.)

— By Science Writer, J. L. Dunsdon.

Now—the same computer science that made it possible to put a man on the moon, has taken the element of Luck and reduced it to a set of numbers. The exact numbers (and how to play them) that can turn your life into a winning streak—day after day, month after month, year after year.

Luck is simply a matter of the right numbers falling into the right places; a matter of Mathematics, the Mother of all science.

Albert Einstein, and the other men who made atomic energy possible, knew all about the awesome power of the atom long before the first atomic bomb was dropped. They figured it out on paper, mathematically. With numbers! Numbers are the language of nature. Simply because they're a lot more honest than words! Take the word, "beautiful", for example. It holds a different meaning for everyone who hears it. But a 7 is always a 7. And 11 is 11. Not 12 or 10 but 11! Pythagoras, the ancient Greek mathematician and father of geometry, used his rare genius for figures to develop a vastly superior form of Astrology called Numerology. A system of prediction (and determining luck) that has fascinated astrologers and scientists alike for centuries.

But until modern computers were developed, no one could really put Pythagoras' fabulous system to the test. Then one day, not too long ago, a brilliant group of computer experts decided to try an experiment that had never been done before. They thought it would be fun to try and program Pythagoras' system of prediction (Numerology) into their computers.

And WHAM! They got the shock of their lives.

At first they couldn't believe it!

But after checking, and rechecking, they had to believe it. In effect, what the computer was saying was that Lady Luck is no more mysterious than the tiny atom. It could be understood mathematically. And now so could She! The element of luck, fate, chance, happenstance, fortune (call it what you will) could just like the tiny atom be understood mathematically, and even controlled and improved upon. In other words, armed with all the right numbers (and the simple information about how to play them) a person could actually change their luck for the better!!

A discovery far too important to just sit there idly inside the computer!

These brilliant computer scientists realized that this miraculous system couldn't possibly help anyone just sitting there inside the computer. Ways had to be found to make this information available to everyone, at a price that the average person could afford. (After all we're the ones who need all the luck we can get!)

Finally, after many months of further refinements and development, it is now possible to

produce **THE WORLD'S FIRST COMPUTERIZED NUMEROLOGICAL (LUCKY NUMBERS) REPORTS**. Each report is 52 pages printed by the computer itself. Each one is as unique, and personalized, and different from all the others as your own set of fingerprints. A fantastic achievement that would never have been possible without modern computer technology! (And of course the genius of Pythagoras).

Just what can you expect to happen after receiving your own personalized, computerized Lucky Numbers Report?

Even the most chronic "born loser" can start becoming a winner overnight. The kind of person other people envy for their good luck. All the breaks just seem to come their way. No matter what it is: Changing jobs. Getting a raise. Playing the lottery, sweepstakes, bingo, cards, contests of any kind. Horse and dog racing. Inheriting money. Gambling. Sports. Meeting the right people. Having a great love life. Making all the right financial moves, the stock market, investments, business opportunities. Health and well being. Personal, safety. In short, anything chance or luck plays any part in, and that of course includes just about everything in life!!

Here are just a few case histories of people who've suddenly gotten lucky after receiving their computerized reports.

D. Burleigh:

"I turned a 22 handicap into a \$3,500.00 winning streak on the golf course."

L. Nastri:

"I won \$5,800.00 in the O.T.B. Exacta playing my four lucky numbers."

C. Benton:

"I really hit it big. I won \$30,000 in a lottery."

E. Phillips:

"Two weeks after I got my computerized report I met the man of my dreams."

HERE'S A GREAT CHANCE TO WIN \$100.

In order to document as much as possible the validity of this big breakthrough in Numerology and Computer Science, we're trying to keep track of all the case histories we can... of all the many people who've suddenly gotten real lucky after receiving their Computerized Lucky Number Reports. That's why when you've ordered your report... and lucky things start happening to you, we'd like to hear about them. If we decide to publish your case history, we'll pay you \$100. just for your sworn statement.

FULL 12 MONTH MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!

If you don't believe your Computerized Lucky Numbers Report has put you on the greatest lucky streak of your life within the next twelve months... simply return it for a full refund. No questions asked.

MAIL THIS NO-RISK COUPON TODAY! (There's absolutely no way you can lose a penny).

11-2

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 380 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017

Please rush me my own individualized **Lifetime Computerized Lucky Numbers Report**. I understand that if I don't hit a real lucky streak within the next 12 months, I can return the report to you for a full refund. No questions asked.

LUCKY NUMBER DATA

Full name (exactly as it appears on your birth certificate):

Birthdate:

Place of birth (city & state, or country):

NAME:

ADDRESS:

CITY

STATE

ZIP

() Enclosed is cash, check or money order for \$9.95. (Plus 55¢ for postage and handling).

Payable to Numerology Research Institute Inc.

Or, charge to () Mastercharge () BankAmericard

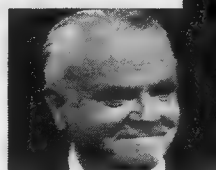
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Add applicable Sales Tax.

FACTS ABOUT THE UNKNOWN



Staff Astrologer Rosa Bizzario

No one knows more about the unknown than I, as I have probably proved to you. If you do not believe me, do not admit it in public! My many fans and colleagues are unpredictable people at best, and could become irate. Listen now while I share with you some of my latest knowledge . . . gleaned at extreme expense of life and limb while I have precariously extended my psyche into the DEPTHS OF THE NETHER REGIONS!

Personal to Italy—MOVE OUT NOW!

Yuri Geller will solve the cities' parking problems by teaching drivers to levitate their cars above the street level.

Baseball helmets will become the newest fashion for style-conscious ladies.

Palm trees are *NOT* cancer producing.

There will be a giant bat swarm over the city of Cincinnati, but the great faith of the inhabitants will cause its dispersal.

There will be trouble in many offices as we continue our health fads in America . . . octagenarian bosses lunging about and assaulting innocent young secretaries.

Detroit will come out with a new model!

James Cagney will remain retired.

Mick Jagger will give up the music business and become a pretzel vendor on Forty-Second Street.

Elizabeth Ashley will get hers.

For reasons of economy the President has declared that there will be no summer in 1976 . . .

Aretha Franklin will lose more weight, and become the first invisible soul singer.

Pete Rose will break his nose sliding into second base and no one will notice.

Let's talk tarot. Now, you may consider the tarot a trick used by trashy gypsies, but you are wrong. It is an ancient method of divination used long ago by ancient ferns. Consider the card of the fool. It is interpreted by many as a witless card . . . a card of stupidity. Wrong again! Listen to the words of Theron Q. Dumont and you will understand . . . "But, you may say, the belief of a child does not enable him to reach the moon!"

Now, I would like to teach you about something I know very little about . . . UFOs. These are thought to be vessels from the far corners of the universe, who come into our realm for various reasons, none of which are known to the average man. But to the initiate of the ancient knowledge, these are known. Unfortunately they are never revealed, so there is little more for me to say. If you really want to know these facts about the unknown send a stamped, self addressed envelope to me, Rosa Bizzario, care of this magazine, and I will forward your letter to the stars.

South American farmers will begin disappearing at a rapid rate as large holes appear in the hills of Rio.

The Ku Klux Klan will take over large portions of Antarctica and attempt to ship penguins to Africa.

If marijuana becomes legalized, what will people smoke?

Dog liberation will make advances in the latter half of 1976. Anyone who has ever studied the fate of the common dog will realize that he is not allowed to ride on public transportation, swim in public pools or enjoy most of our nation's beaches. And the insult of leash laws is equally appalling. Let's give man's best friend a chance to improve himself. Rin-Tin Tin will lead the fight.

Do not read this section unless you want to devote the rest of your life to the practices of the unknown, the unsure and the unstable: The next sentence is for those eyes alone . . . I will reveal this once, and only once, and if you apply it, your life will change drastically. With proper application you will have great luck, but with gross misuse, you will suffer greatly. Ready? Here 'tis: "Dangle a carrot in front of your nose, and follow the carrot wherever it goes!"

David Bowie will become a Roller Derby queen.

Television will replace radio completely by the first of 1977.

When rabbits roar, it is a bad time.

Doctors will discover that peanut brittle is amazingly consistent in curing broken bones . . .

Red China will change its name.

The United Nations will find international disputes are settled easily through tug of war.

Truckers heading to Peoria this year should not divulge the contents of their trucks to anyone, not even the most honest policeman . . . even he may be a robber in disguise.

Bruce Springsteen will *NOT* win a Grammy this year.

Winnie Winkle's daughter will become a hooker.

One of my most startling discoveries to date is the little-known fact that Billy Graham does not know whether God is on his side or not.

The Secret Life of Plants will be next season's hottest soap opera!

Now, dear friends, I must finish. I have re-entered the world of now, and there is little more to tell. If you take these words to heart you will be assured of success in whatever you may do. Until we meet again I remain incognito,

Rosa Bizzario.

Be Your Own Astrologer

Amazing New Zodiac Computing Machine Duplicates the Work of Giant Electronic Computers



Imagine! you can have the expert advice of the world's most famous and experienced Astrologers plus the diagrams of the most up to date computing machines duplicated without limit by this simple and easy to operate computing machine.

No experience or special training is needed to operate Zodiacal Computer. If you can read and understand this money-back guaranteed invitation to try out this remarkable device, you can operate it. And, with its help you can

* Learn what kind of a person you are. Cast your own horoscope. Then go back and compute your parents' destinies. You will not only know what you are but much more than any Astrologer will tell you. This kind of analysis usually costs you hundreds of dollars!

* Look into the future (Not just for this year but for as long as you live. You can foresee patterns of good and bad cycles in your life. What times are good for financial investments. What should your love life be. What is the probable state of your health for the future. And many, many other things. No professional astrologer would ever answer the many questions you can ask the Zodiacal Computer.

* Make forecasts for relatives, friends, neighbors. Earn money for your club, or set yourself up in business. (After you can speed in use of the computing machine you can use your knowledge to help other people and become a highly respected professional personage in your own right. Top notch astrologers have the prestige of doctors, lawyers, accountants, and consulting engineers. You, too, can be such a person!

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

If, within 3 weeks, the new Zodiacal Computer has not lived up to your expectations, if you have used it and not gained peace of mind, profit, or the admiration of your fellow man, just return it for full refund without questions asked!

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☐ Please send one complete Zodiacal Computer, including full set of instructions, Ephemeris (Star Tables) for current lives, horoscope blanks and everything needed to compute the present, past and future. I enclose \$10 in check, cash, or money order with the understanding that if I am not satisfied for any reason, I may return the outfit for full refund.

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SMOKE NO MORE

The true satisfaction
that comes from knowing
you and your hip friends
can at long last have
what you've wanted all along:
a substitute breast
in a socially acceptable form
without those scary
cancer-inducing
tars and nictines.
Mama!



Warning: The Surgeon General has determined that lack
of oral satisfaction can be harmful to your mental health.

NEW!

THE ORIGINAL MYSTICAL TAROT PENDANT

Millions believe the
ACE OF CUPS* Tarot
HAS THE POWER
TO ATTRACT
WHAT THE
WEARER WANTS!

If you ever desired someone or
something but failed . . . you owe it to
yourself to test the potency of this pendant.

*Corresponds to the Ace of Hearts (traditional symbol of love)
in a conventional deck of cards.

Beautifully crafted
in solid 14K gold plate,
suspended from a stunning
24" matching rope chain

Ancient mythical legend says
that the wearing of a Tarot
Ace of Cups Pendant will
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gin to move within reach for
the first time . . . as if mystical
powers of the cosmos were
bringing subconscious desires
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this beautiful pendant bring
about the beginning of great
love, joy, contentment? Only
you can test these legendary
powers . . . in your own life
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This lustrous masterpiece of
the jeweler's art makes a
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complementing both casual
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rich and expensive no one will
believe you paid only \$7.00!

*Wear this pendant for
90 days at our risk. If not
completely satisfied, return
for refund. You can't lose!
You can only be a winner!*

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Please rush me _____ Ace of Cups Tarot Pendant(s) at
\$7.00 (plus \$.60 shipping and handling) each.

SAVE!!! Order two pendants for **ONLY \$12.00** (plus \$.60
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Enclosed is \$ _____ cash, check, or money order.

(Sorry, no COD's. N.Y. residents add sales tax.)

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HITLER

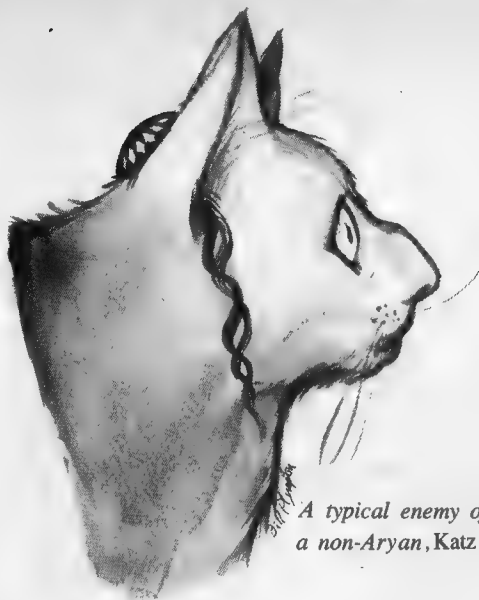
The Fuhrer and

It was just after the loss of North Africa and Hitler was despondent. Almost 60,000 dead or missing, 3,000 tanks destroyed and the Allies about to invade Italy. In addition to all of this, his driving lessons were going poorly and he was getting depressed over Himmler's constant chiding whenever he'd grind the gears. It burned Hitler that Himmler could drive so well and change a tire without using a jack. He decided to call Mussolini; that fool always seemed so cheerful.

"Get yourself a kitten," Il Duce suggested. "They're much more fun than a dog and they travel well. You can take a kitten from Berlin to Berchtesgaden and it won't get sick all over the Mercedes."

Hitler figured, why not. Mussolini was always bragging about his own cat, Nardini—"Nardini knocked over the vase, Nardini caught a mouse, Nardini's a hell of a fascist"—and even now, with the Allies poised to strike, Mussolini was joking about Nardini getting de-wormed.

But when Hitler broached the subject to his mistress, Eva Braun, she objected, asserting that she'd be the one who'd have to feed it and change the kitty litter. Eva had already had a bitter experience with a parakeet and was overly hostile to the prospect of another pet. Not Hitler. In his usual offhand manner, he told her not to worry, assuring her that he'd take full responsibility



A typical enemy of the Reich—
a non-Aryan, Katz.



R'S KITTEN

His Feline by Richard Smith

and promising to mop up any mess directly attributable to the kitten. Eva, after a brief session with Gestapo Colonel Karl Zelgsgleit, acquiesced . . . and soon Hitler was spending most of his time rolling on the floor with "Kopf," a three-month-old guaranteed Aryan kitten that a Nazi purchasing agent had picked up cheap in the Warsaw ghetto.

At first, Hitler kept his promise to Eva. Kopf became the official Reichstag kitten and never left Hitler's side, even going so far as to nap in Hitler's holster whenever the Luger was in use. The German high command grew accustomed to seeing Hitler cadging bits of fish from the cook or begging pieces of string or worn-out whips so that Kopf might have something to play with. But after the Allies conquered Italy, Hitler found he had much less time for frivolities, and taking care of Kopf, who had grown somewhat demanding, proved difficult. Soon the kitty box was overflowing and an unmistakable stench permeated Berchtesgaden. People began to politely turn down Hitler's invitations to "stop by," pleading a number of excuses such as a headache or deportation. Even the Japanese, who were negotiating for the sale of 1,000 transistor tanks that only weighed four pounds each and used considerably less fuel, preferred to conduct their business either over the

phone or standing at the bottom of the mountain and shouting.

Rather than face Eva's shrill "I told you so," Hitler ordered Goebbels to take care of the kitten. Goebbels loathed cats and took full advantage of his position by ordering Himmler to do it. Himmler, allergic to cats, ordered Goering, who, in turn, ordered Ribbentrop, who flatly refused, claiming that Kopf had twice scratched the medals off of his one good uniform. Finally the task fell to Obergruppensturmfuhrer Ollie Schussel, on detached leave from the Ukrainian SS. Schussel, resplendent in his hopsack uniform and medals, was constantly seen holding his nose and lugging an odiferous bag down the road to the official Berchtesgaden garbage dump, shaking his head and muttering, "Ach."

By 1945, the war was going badly for Germany and food was scarce. Hitler ordered Albert Speer, architect of Germany's mighty war machine, to also make certain that an adequate supply of catfood was on hand at all times, plus enough kitty litter to last at least five days in case of an air raid. It sounded easy enough but the long walk from Berchtesgaden to the nearest village made procurement difficult, and severe punishment was meted out to any member of the Reich who went out without picking up catfood.

"Hitler was a terror," recalled Speer. "I thought he was angry when we lost Italy, but you should have seen him when Goebbels went to town for hand lotion and forgot to pick up Kleine Katzen Yummies. Hitler gave Goebbels KP on the Russian front for six months and then made him walk back to Germany in a cheap pair of moccasins."

Hitler's disenchantment with the kitten came rather suddenly. Kopf spilled a bottle of Pepsi all over page 12 of Von Klippenstein's book, "Wars and How to Win Them," causing Hitler to commit the fatal tactical blunder of ordering the Siegfried Line defended with armored bicycles and shovels. Goebbels, whose hatred of the kitten by this time bordered on the pathological, saw his chance and convinced Hitler that Kopf was Jewish. Enraged, Hitler ordered the roundup of all circumcized cats with hooked noses who talked with their paws and wore yarmulkas.

Kopf, even though he was actually half-Jewish and half-Norwegian, saw the handwriting on the wall. Packing nothing but some string and a tin of tuna fish, he tried to make his way to Argentina, but was caught by the Allies and tried as a war criminal. Kopf was found guilty and sentenced to life imprisonment with Albert Speer, who taught him to bark *Deutschland uber Alles*.

The BAR

Singles



of AVON



The Evil that Men do Lives after Them.

Has't seen
Cleopatra's Asp?

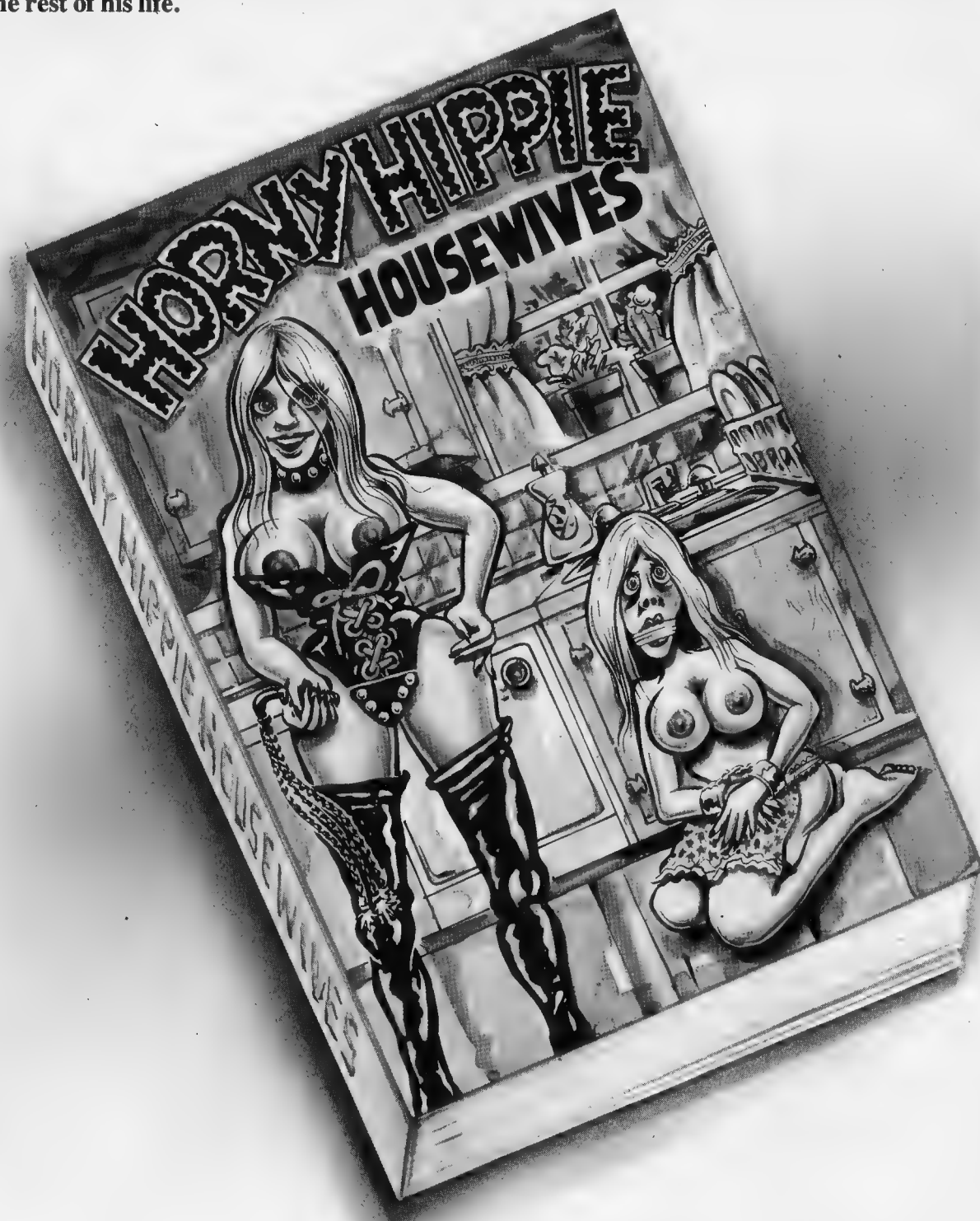
Aye, at a
bottomless bar.

Not if thee
Useth
The Pill!

My Kingdom
for Some Horse!

P. Bramley

Y'ever wonder how come the most infantile, simple-minded stroke book always comes festooned with warnings like "Strictly Adult Fiction," "Adults Only," etc? Certainly there's nothing *grown up* about anything you can buy in a so-called "Adult Bookstore." Well, most of these horrible things are written by guys working nine-to-five in an office in New York, no kidding. Not one is what you'd call a literary genius, and his basic ignorance of grammar, spelling, and punctuation is invariably rendered faithfully by the typesetter who usually adds his own errata to the text with a broken-down old composing machine. Finally, the artists who illustrate these abominations never know their arses from their elbows, or any other anatomical phenomenon—with the result that if you gave one of these books to a kid, God forbid, he might never want to read another book for the rest of his life.





Paul Pecher ate his breakfast with a horny ache in his over-stuffed, frustated "basket." He felt real hot and yearning to see his wife, Paula Pecher, sitting right across from him across the breakfast table in her low-cut, shorty hot pink negligie. Paula was showing nearly everything of her big round white, bulging, huge elastic tits stuffed bra-less under the diaphanous silk, he could just imagine ripping it off the big-busted bitch and "having" her right now on the floor! In the kitchen. But no. Paul had to go to work right now, you know the boss will fire you if you're late," she said. She pushed him away with a haughty frown.

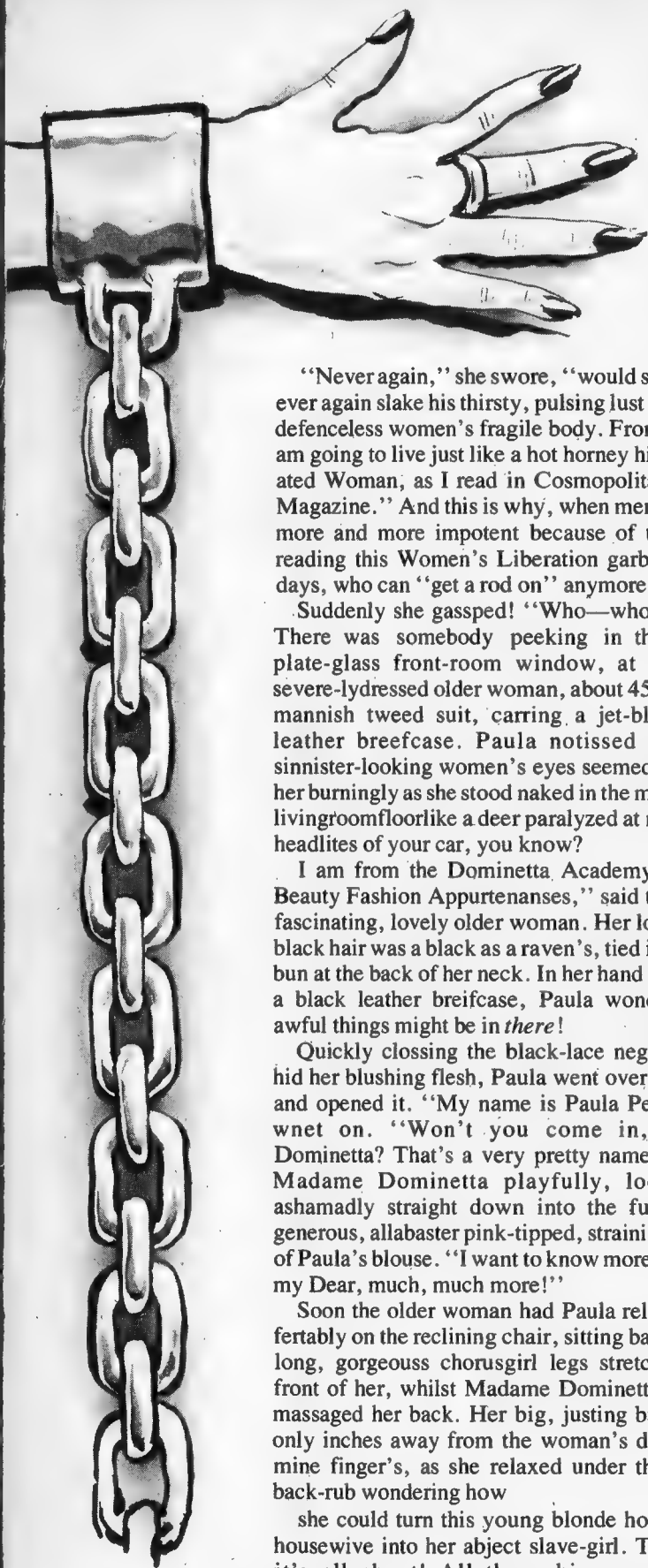
"You don't give me anything," Paul retorted angrily, "you promised to love, honor and obey. Obey me, your husband!"

I've got a headache, she complained snottily, and anyway you'll be late for work.

"Work! Work, work!" Paul barked, looking hotly at his blond, 19-year-old wife's luscious 38-22-36 vital statistics, barely covered in the long see-thru chiffon gown that revealed more than it covered. "I work like a dog, he said, but you don't give me any of your loving. You are driving me crazy, Paula!"

After Paul left for the office, Paula smiled to herself: Thank G-d she was ridd of *him* for another nine hours! Now she could just

enjoy herself all day, like the hot horny hippie housewife she pretended she was! This is why America is becoming a 2nd-rate World Power, because there is too much of this now-adays. Wives all over the country are reading "Women's Liberation" books, and refusing to give their husbands their precious gift's anymore! Paula, making sure no-one might be looking in the big plate-glass front room window, at her, secretly opened her blue transparent dressinggown and looked down over the heaving coral-tipped mounds, across her long, swelling, voluptuous thighs to the burning, yearning centerpiece of passion! She was a proud little bitch, arrogant about her dynamite body that just didn't quit.



"Never again," she swore, "would she let a man ever again slake his thirsty, pulsing lust on my pale, defenceless women's fragile body. From now on, I am going to live just like a hot horny hippie Liberated Woman, as I read in *Cosmopolitan* and *Ms. Magazine*." And this is why, when men are getting more and more impotent because of their wife's reading this Women's Liberation garbage, nowadays, who can "get a rod on" anymore!"

Suddenly she gasped! "Who—who are you?" There was somebody peeking in thru the big plate-glass front-room window, at her, a tall severe-lydressed older woman, about 45, wearing a mannish tweed suit, carrying a jet-black swade leather briefcase. Paula noticed the older, sinister-looking woman's eyes seemed to undress her burningly as she stood naked in the middle of the livingroom floor like a deer paralyzed at night by the headlights of your car, you know?

I am from the Dominetta Academy of Young Beauty Fashion Appurtenances," said the strange, fascinating, lovely older woman. Her long flowing black hair was as black as a raven's, tied into a tight bun at the back of her neck. In her hand she carried a black leather briefcase, Paula wondered what awful things might be in *there*!

Quickly crossing the black-lace negligee to hid her blushing flesh, Paula went over to the door and opened it. "My name is Paula Pecher," she went on. "Won't you come in, Madame Dominetta? That's a very pretty name," retorted Madame Dominetta playfully, looking unashamedly straight down into the full swelling generous, allabaster pink-tipped, straining neckline of Paula's blouse. "I want to know more about you, my Dear, much, much more!"

Soon the older woman had Paula relaxing comfortably on the reclining chair, sitting back with her long, gorgeously chorusgirl legs stretched out in front of her, whilst Madame Dominetta sensually massaged her back. Her big, jutting breasts were only inches away from the woman's devious carmine finger's, as she relaxed under the soothing back-rub wondering how

she could turn this young blonde horny hippie housewife into her abject slave-girl. This is what it's all about! All those big-name Womens Liberationism types are only big, loudmouth Lesbians. They just want to make "straight" women not give their husband's anything, so that they'll be horny and then the big "bull-dickers" sneak right into your house and seduce your wife right under

your nose! To perverted, hot, raw, sex! Well, Paula awoke to discover with a shriek of fright that her arms and ankles were cleverly tied spread-eagled to the chair!

How she struggled in this excruciating bondage position! "Her muscles cramped painfully

as she pulled at the merciless ropes, to no avail. Mistress Dominetta knew her evil bondage Lesbos-tricks only too well! "Ha, Ha!" she gloated at the terror-stricken body of the squirming, shamefaced young girl, whose hem crept slowly up her round thigh to expose a glimpse of white, defenseless thighs above the dark stocking-top, attached by a red rosette garter-tab to Paula's garter-belt, "I see that you cannot get away now. Now, to introduce you to the chastisement of rigorous Sapphic discipline punishment, I am going to spank the arching, trembling, slowly-redenning roundels of your insolent teen-age bottomcheeks until you count each blow, after it falls, and say "Thank you, Madame Dominetta, for correcting me in the fashion my poor, aching, smarting blonde bummy deserve's!"

"No! Never!" cried the enervated Paula, pulling resistfully at her sadistic bonds with spunky energy. "You'll never make me do it! I'll die first! Tears of shock and horror poured down the helpless Paula's cheek as she noticed the grim, dominating older woman produced a wicked split-ended *Martinet* from her travel case. "Please! I'll do anything, anything. Anything but that! Who would ever believe the squirming, helpless blonde was but a moment before, Paul Pecher, a hip, liberated horny hippie housewife. Ha! What they really want is a roll in the hay, with a real *Man*, anyway.

Suddenly the door bursted open! With another shriek, Mistress Dominetta, stripped to her special "torture costume of tigh-laced black leather corset, barely concealing the high-breasted tits it covered, and high-top boots with 18" spike heels, topped by a pair of tight black rubber bikini pantie's," dropped the ugly whip. Paul grabbed the woman by the arm and twisted it behind her back until she grunted in pain.

"Hi, I forgot that it was—" Paul stopped, frozen in horror at the sight of this so-called "Liberated Women" torturing his helplessly-bound 19-year-old blonde wife. "You won't play these games with *my* wife while I'm gone! he roared," pushing the painwracked body of the humiliated Mistress Dominetta right out into the street, where she strove to hide her mostly-nude body before the curious passer-bies looking on in amusement. "And I'll just keep all this pervert S and M paraphenalia," he laughed after her, "because I have a feeling my wife has changed her mind about wanting to be a horny hippie Liberated Women housewife. Right, Snookums?"

"Oh Paul, how could I be so blind! she murmured wonderingly, looking up into his eyes thru tears of love and faithfulness." Isn't it wonderful that you remembered it was Saturday, and came back home in time to rescue me! I'll never, ever refuse to "go to bed with" you again, I promise. Please take me now, my hot yielding teenage body yearns for your rough mannish carrese."

Yes, Paula learned her lesson *that* day! All right!

EXCERPTS FROM THE FINAL DAZE

by Robert Hoffman and Dustin Redford



The end was nearing, the President felt. The call for impeachment had convinced him that his coronation must be postponed indefinitely, perhaps even cancelled. *King Richard I. Oh, well, it did have a ring.* Watergate, he supposed, was the reason he'd gone as far as he could go. That one little mistake, that teeny-tiny, itsy-bitsy boo-boo, meant all his hopes and dreams were shot to hell. The Arizona death camps, the nuclear obliteration of Poland, the abridgement of all local and national civil rights—all these plans and more were as much in the past as his grip on reality.



Nixon summoned Kissinger to the TV room. They sat for a time and reminisced about foreign affairs, local boondoggles and shared buggings. Kissinger noticed that the President was drinking Harvey Wallbangers again. Soon, Nixon's tone changed.

"I want my mommy," said the President, and began to suck the furniture and fondle the floor covering. Kissinger, deeply affected by this rare display of normal human emotion, offered what comfort he could.

"If I have extra mommy, I would gif her to you," Kissinger said kindly. "Would you want a Jewish mommy?"

The President seemed chastened by Kissinger's efforts to calm him.

"No. But I could use the chicken soup."

Nixon then held Kissinger's forearm to the small of his back and asked him to maintain confidentiality. Later, the President was to find out that the Secretary of State had had his toes crossed.



Nixon's son-in-law, Edward Cox, was worried about the President's mental health. Nixon was picking his cuticles again, and although he was as plugged up as a sewer after a rainstorm, the President routinely refused his Haley's MO.

Cox confided his fears to General Alexander Haig, Chief of Staff.

"The President was talking to the pictures again last night," Cox reported.

"Wellll, that *could* be considered rather Lincolnesque, don't you think?" Haig mused.

"Oh, yeah? Wait'll you hear what they said to him!"

"Nixon might take his own life," Cox warned.

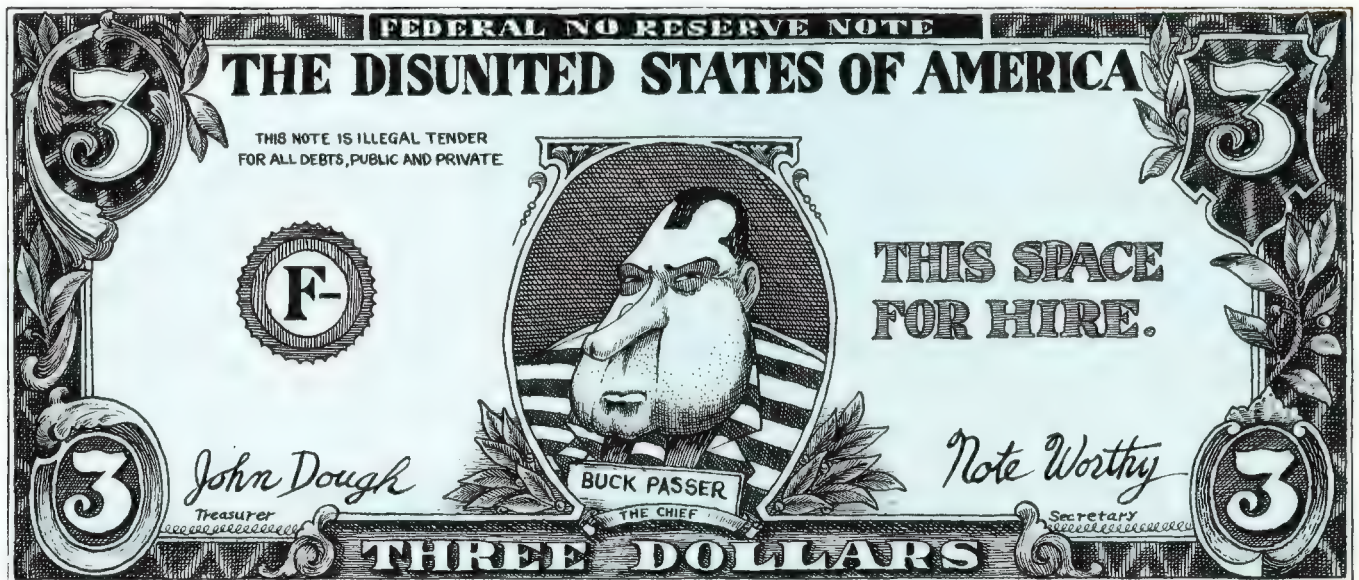
"Do you really think so?" Haig brightened. There was hope for promotion yet.

The pressures of Watergate had driven Pat Nixon to an occasional highball. This produced an additional strain on the Nixons' relationship and Pat, for the first time since grammar school days, removed her girdle. The release of the pressure caused her to faint.



The Nixon Commemorative \$3 Bill

Cut it out and put it in your wallet. Someday soon it may be worth more than the real thing.



The White House kitchen staff determined the President's mental deterioration by his handling of the silverware. After the Chief Steward was twice forced to remove the forks from Nixon's ears during brunch, no more sharp-tined eating utensils were set on the President's place mat. Until his resignation, Nixon used a spoon or, rarely, chopsticks, on his steak flambe.

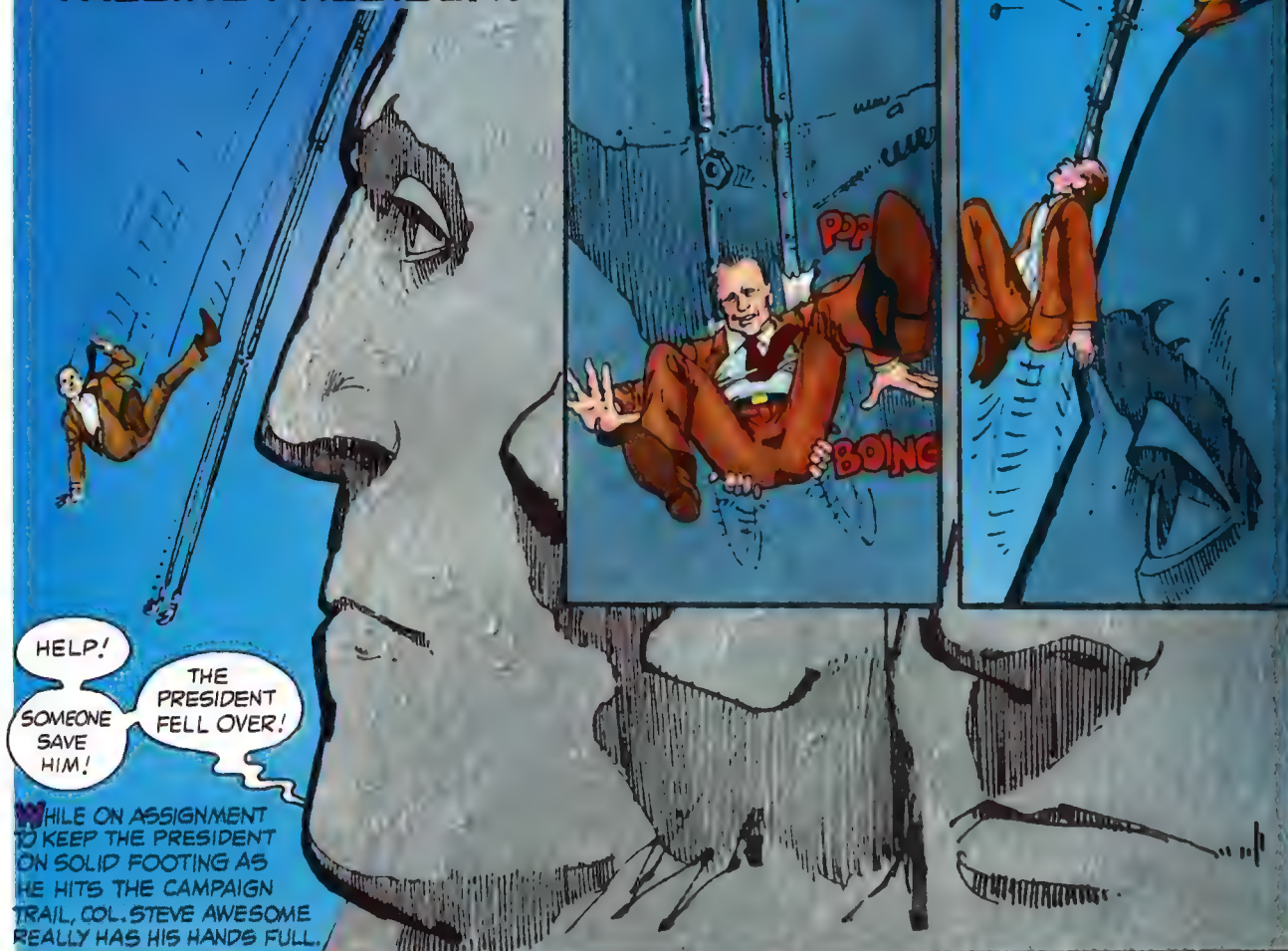


Special issue for our nation's glorious Watergate bi-annual. Lest we forget.

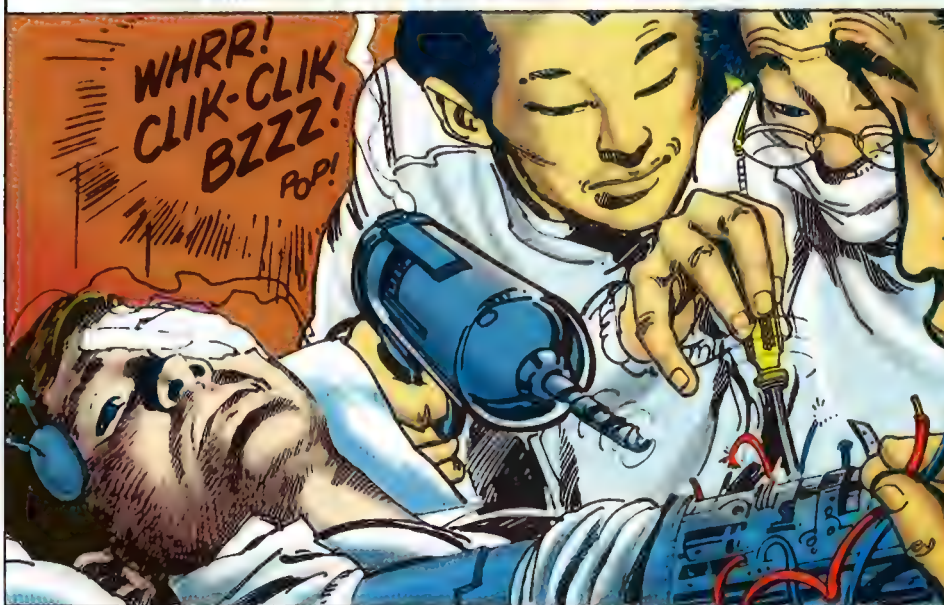


THE PANASCOPIC MAN

in OPERATION FALLING PRESIDENT



THIS IS THE STORY OF THE \$6,000,000 69 MAN (BATTRIES NOT INCLUDED), COLONEL STEVE AWESOME, FORMER ASTRONAUT, WHO, HAVING BARELY SURVIVED A FIGHT WITH HIS WIFE, WAS REBUILT BY A CLACK TEAM OF NIPPONESE SCIENTISTS TO BE BETTER THAN EVER, STRONGER THAN DIRT, AND NOISIER THAN BEFORE.



NOW, THANKS TO EDISON, MARCONI AND WATT, HE STANDS ALONE ... THE STAR AGENT OF SEMI-INTELLIGENCE, HONCHO ROSCOE BOLDMAN.

TOMORROWS GOING TO BE ROUGH. WE BELIEVE THERE'S A PLOT AFOOT TO MAKE THE PRESIDENT FALL DOWN IN THE EYES OF THE AMERICAN PUBLIC.

CARE FOR A DRINK?

NO THANKS. MIGHT SHORT OUT.

DON'T WORRY, ROSCOE, I'LL PROP HIM UP.

OUTSIDE ROSCOE'S OFFICE HE SEES JANIE, HIS BIONIC GIRL, SPECIFICALLY DESIGNED TO SUIT HIS EVERY NEED, INCLUDING BATTERY-POWERED HANDS.

HOW ABOUT DINNER, HONEY? I'VE GOT TO FLY TO NEW YORK TOMORROW.

NOT TONIGHT, DEAR, MY STOMACH IS AT THE LAB FOR REPAIRS.

WHRRRPOP

THE FOLLOWING DAY, IN THE BALLROOM OF THE PLAZA HOTEL, THE PRESIDENT ATTENDS A BENEFIT FOR CUBAN REFUGEES, GIVEN BY ARAB LEADERS.

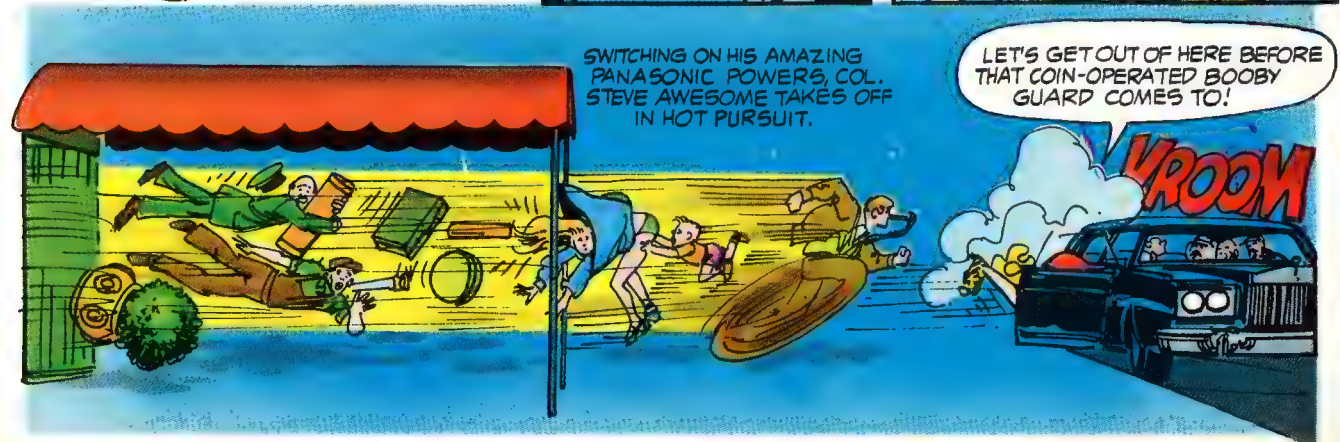
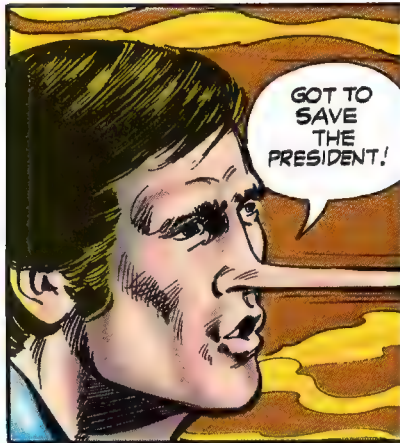
MUSIC
WORKING FOR THE YANQUI DOLLAAH...
MUSIC

UH-OH...MY BIONIC EYE DETECTS DANGER!

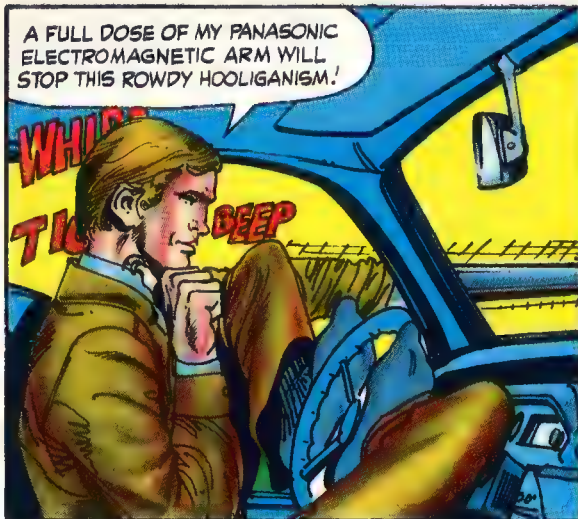
SORRY, BUB, BUT I NEEDED YOUR HOUNDS-TOOTH JACKET TO PREVENT AN OLD VAUDEVILLE JOKE.

IN THE NICK OF TIME, COL. AWESOME WHISKS THE JACKET ATOP THE BANANA PEEL...!

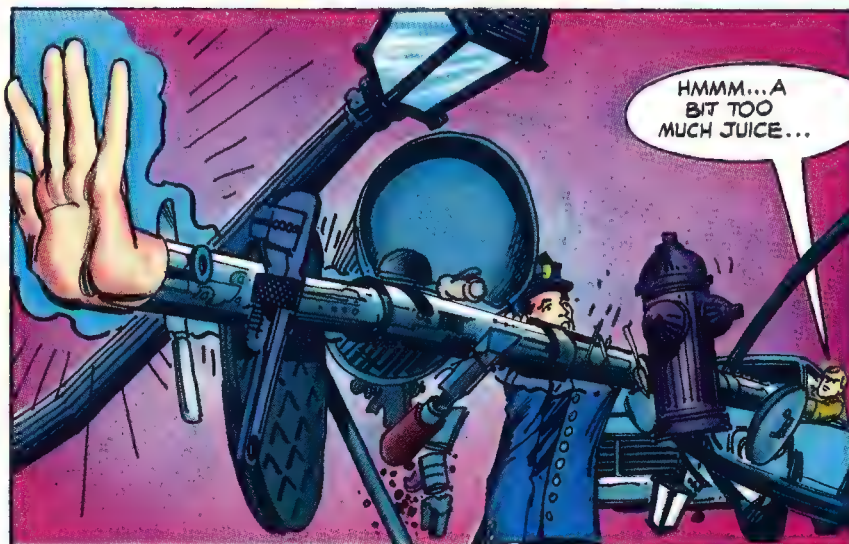
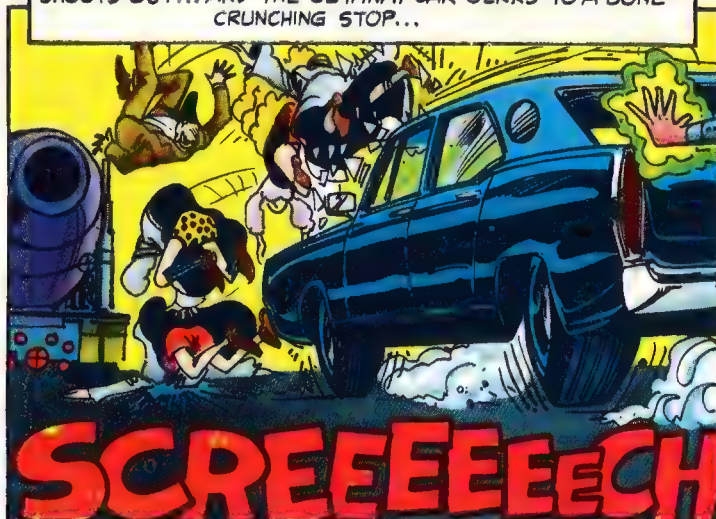
WHEW! CLOSE ... BUT WHAT'S THAT...?



A FULL DOSE OF MY PANASONIC ELECTROMAGNETIC ARM WILL STOP THIS ROWDY HOOLIGANISM!



COL. AWESOME'S SUPER-MAGNETIC TELESCOPIC APPENDAGE SHOOTS OUT... AND THE GETAWAY CAR JERKS TO A BONE-CRUNCHING STOP...



BUT THE GREATEST TECHNO-NATION IN THE WORLD IS WELL PREPARED TO REPAIR THE LEADER OF THE LARGEST COUNTRY OF TECHNO-CONSUMERS AND MAKE HIM BETTER THAN EVER, STRONGER THAN DIRT, AND NOISIER THAN THE DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION!



AND SO...!

MY... BUZZZ
CLICK... FELLOW... BOING
REPUBLICANS... BZZZ
WHRRR...

IT'S A SHAME THEY NEVER ACTIVATED THE BRAIN CELLS!



Because I have taken the mystery out of Transcendental Meditation... I'LL TEACH YOU TO MASTER TRANSCENDENTAL MEDITATION IN A SINGLE EVENING...

In Your Own Home!

**Why Pay Hundreds Of Dollars To Be Given
A Gift THAT ALREADY EXISTS, NATURALLY, RIGHT
NOW, INSIDE YOUR VERY BODY!**

Let me make this point perfectly clear: *There is nothing really new about Transcendental Meditation, and the amazing physical effects it brings!* Transcendental Meditation actually goes back several thousand years, to the Ancient Seers of Tibet, China and India, who actually demonstrated that they could perform seemingly "impossible" feats when they let it protect them — such as literally walking over hot coals without being burned, or being buried alive for hours, and even days, without the slightest harm!

These great mystics believed that the awesome power of Transcendental Meditation was buried deep in their body — and in the body of every living human being — awaiting only the proper "Key" to unleash it!

I, myself, first made contact with them over 35 years ago, on my trips to India and the Orient, after witnessing their incredible feats.

I was the first to introduce Transcendental Meditation to an American audience, in my Carnegie Hall lectures that same year. Even then, I taught the basic technique — the psychological and physiological side of Transcendental

IN JUST FIVE MINUTES LEARNING TIME, YOU GET EVERY ONE OF THESE AMAZING HEALTH BENEFITS, JUST AS A START —

After just five short minutes, in your own home, simply by learning my new De-Mystified Transcendental Meditation, you will find what prominent scientists all over the United States have already discovered — that you can lower your blood pressure at will. And sometimes lower that blood pressure sharply after only a few minutes.

Meditation may also be used to slow down or increase the rhythm of your heart, and control your pulse rate significantly. This is especially important if you have heart or circulation problems. In fact, after only a few Meditation sessions, heart beat may actually normalize itself.

In such Meditation, metabolism may also normalize. This, in turn, not only helps ease the processes of digestion, gives you more nutrition from your food, but at the same time, controls the appetite and keeps the body from putting on excess weight!

Or, if you are now "hopelessly overweight," Meditation may, at the same time, help you bring that weight back down, by not only controlling your appetite but by removing the psychological stresses that cause you to over-eat in the first place, or eat the wrong foods!

And Scientists Have Now Proven That:

Cigarette smoking, as well as alcoholism and even drug addiction, have, in case after case, been cured within two weeks to one month without the aid of medication!

It was found that persons engaged in meditation could lower the oxygen consumption of the body in just a few minutes, sometimes as much as 20%. This is especially important if you now suffer from constant fatigue, "run out of gas" every afternoon, can hardly move in the evening!

Men and women who suffer from deep melancholia, depression, anxiety and worry have repeatedly used Meditation to overcome these moods; and find peace!

Meditation is also being used, right now, by doctors in mental hospitals, to help patients who had previously been considered so incurable that they had to be kept under heavy sedation even to control them!

Migraine headaches, caused by stress conditions, have often been healed in moments!

And even more important, with Transcendental Meditation scientists have apparently slowed down the aging processes of the body cells... and have even ventured that such effects may enable you to live as much as 150 healthy years!

Meditation — in just a few minutes!

But I also believed (and still do) that these basic psychological and physiological benefits — vital as they undoubtedly are — are only the first beginning of what Transcendental Meditation can REALLY accomplish for you! And that you must go beyond them, as I show you below!

**Meanwhile, However, I Have Seen People Waste
Hundreds Of Dollars Of Their Money, And Months
Of Their Time, To GAIN WHAT I COULD GIVE
THEM IN LESS THAN FIVE MINUTES!**

So I have now decided to take Transcendental Meditation — in fact, all the benefits these men and women could get in any course they could purchase, for any amount of money — and "boil it down" into a brief Confidential Report so simple, so clear, and so immediately and apparently effective that they could master it, COMPLETELY, in just 5 life-transforming minutes!

This simple at-home technique completely does away with any belief that there is any mystery whatsoever in utilizing the full power of Transcendental Meditation!

It proves to you immediately that, this way, you need neither "Guru" nor "Master"! That there is no need for you to leave your own home! That there are no long, involved courses to master! No high-paid instructors to dominate you! No \$125 paid before you receive the first lesson; and no further outlays for "follow-up lessons"!

And as for your private Mantra, once you send me your name, I will send you — FREE — a private Mantra for yourself alone, that will belong to no one else in all the world. Once you have this Free Private Mantra, then the ability to gain this deep relaxation, peace and overwhelming release from hypertension is yours already! Yours as your natural human heritage! What I have done for you is simply given you what I believe to be the shortest and most effective way to tap that natural gift!

So this is NOT an "esoteric," "mystic," or "magic" specialized technique, available only to the wealthy few! It is, instead, a "universal path" that is accessible at once to all!

**You Will Realize, Right From The Start,
That You Are Doing The Right Things, BECAUSE
YOU WILL SEE THE IMMEDIATE RESULTS!**

These will be so dramatically evident that you will instantly know you are on the right track! You will actually learn how to use Transcendental Meditation in only five minutes! And you will find out, in that short time alone, that there is absolutely no harmful effect... nor will you be startled by any strange symptoms from using this scientifically-proven form of Meditation!

In fact, you will be overjoyed to find it so ultimately simple, and with such immediate benefits that last forever in your life!

**And One Last Pledge, That NO Other Form Of
Transcendental Meditation Can Make To You!**

And that is this: That you may then go beyond the mere physiological and psychological benefits of this De-Mystified Transcendental Meditation... and actually release the higher creative powers of your spirit and mind! For example:

1) You will be shown how to achieve permanent peace of mind, tranquility and inner joy, with the resulting "invulnerability" to outside stresses and strains!

2) You will learn to use Transcendental Meditation to overcome personality defects such as an inferiority complex, self-consciousness and fear of inadequacy; and build instead a strong, self-reliant, magnetic personality!

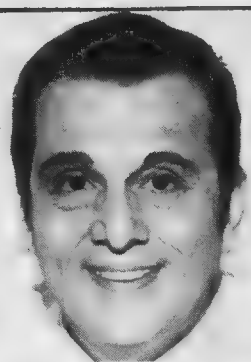
3) Such personal magnetism, and improved powers of mind, may then be programmed to focus your higher mind centers on poise, confidence and success! This, in turn, could easily lead you to become wealthy through your career or business!

4) And, as an extra benefit of such heightened personal magnetism, a simple shift in the focus of your daily Meditations can give you great new sexual and romantic powers, new joys in love!

5) Then, if you so choose, you may even develop the psychic powers that are latent within

INSTANT-LEARNING, INC.

380 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

NORVELL! For over 30 years his unrelenting thirst for spiritual fulfillment has taken him to the most remote corners of the globe... to finally become one of the few Westerners, in our time, who has ever gained acceptance as an equal among the Holy Masters of both India and Tibet! He has also mastered the scientific secrets of Western knowledge at America's most highly-regarded universities.

In America alone, over these past decades, tens of thousands have come to Carnegie Hall in New York, and dozens of other centers of public learning, to absorb in person his profound wisdom — that combines the Science of the West with the Mystic Knowledge of the East!

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your subconscious mind... and, prove to yourself that ESP, pre-cognition and the rest are as much actual facts, as magnetism or electricity!

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If, after 30 days, you are not entirely convinced of the power of this De-Mystified Transcendental Meditation, return this report to me for every cent of your money back!

FREE PRIVATE MANTRA!

Based on your own name! Selected by Norvell translated by his special Sanskrit system so that no one else in America has the same Mantra! No other system of Transcendental Meditation can make this claim! And it's yours to keep FREE, even if you return the Report itself.

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380 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017**

Gentlemen: Please rush me a copy of "NORVELL'S, 5-MINUTE DE-MYSTIFIED TRANSCENDENTAL MEDITATION" Confidential Report. I enclose \$9.98 in full payment. I understand that I may examine this Confidential Report for 30 days at your risk or money back.

☐ Also send me my own Private Mantra, specially selected for me by Norvell, and mine absolutely FREE, even if I return the Report for every cent of my money back.

NAME

Please print

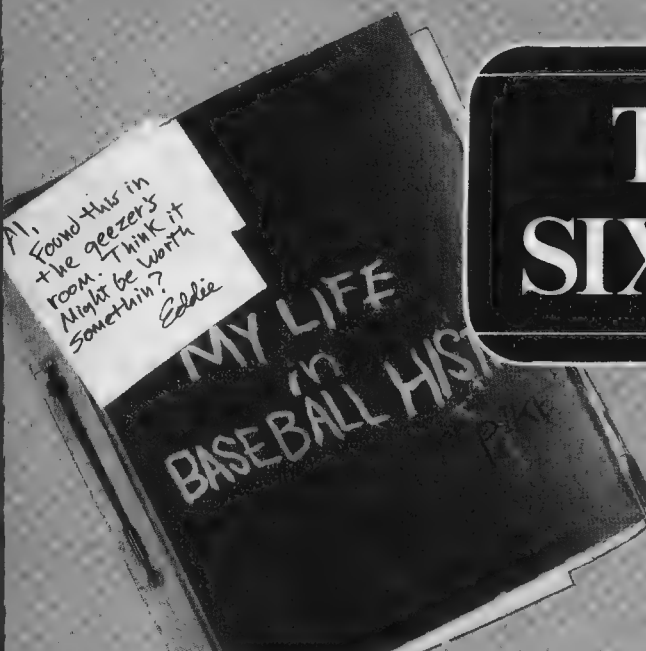
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Div. of Best Ent.



THE SAGA OF SIX-FINGER PIKE

BY JOE KANE

MIDLAND MORNING CALLER

"Serving Greater Midland County Since Way Before Your Time"

Six-Fingered Youth Shows Promise In Pitching Trade

Midland, August 12, 1926... Ezra "Six-Finger" Pike, 18, has attracted the attention of local baseball scouts with his dandy mound work for the semipro Midland Grain Mart Marauders. Pike, who employs a unique pitch he calls a "thumb ball"

MIDLAND MORNING CALLER

LOCAL WOMAN GIVES BIRTH TO SIX-FINGERED SON

Grace Falls, April 2, 1908...

Mrs. Ezekiel Pike, 27, gave birth to a son at Midland County Hospital at 5:05 a.m. yesterday. The boy, Ezra, was born with six fingers on his left hand. Two of the six fingers, doctors report, are thumbs.

The infant's father, Mr. Ezekiel Pike, 31,

found meaning in the birth, calling it a "sign or omen" of "things to come." The 1908 Farmer's Almanac, however, attaches no particular significance to six-fingered first-borns.

Ezra is believed to be the first such six-fingered child ever born in Midland County.

MIDLANDERS INK LOCAL YOUTH TO DIAMOND CONTRACT

Six-Fingered Hurler Hailed As Semipro Standout

April 3, 1927...

Midland Midlanders owner-general manager M. Burleigh (Cap'n) Kowpat proudly announced the signing of 19-year-old semipro moundsman Ezra "Six-Finger" Pike to a one-year team contract yesterday. "Six-Finger," so named for the extra thumb that graces his gifted pitching hand, hails from nearby Grace Falls, Indiana, making his signing of even greater interest to local followers of our national pastime.

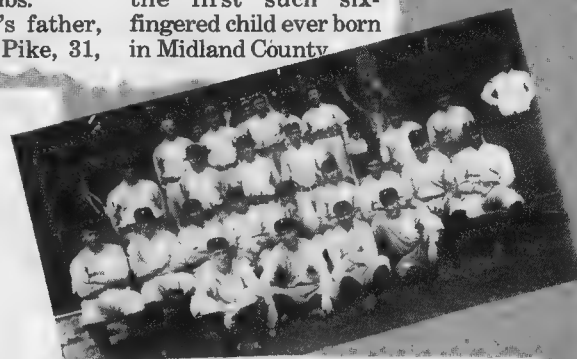
In a well-attended ceremony at the executive offices of Midland County Stadium, the Cap'n presented the six-fingered phenom—whose other hand is normal—with a hefty bonus for joining the local nine, who figure to benefit from the youthful Pike's considerable mound skills. Most impressive, experts say, is his baffling "thumb ball," a pitch of his own invention and one that puts his additional digit to talented use.

"I never thought," grinned Cap'n Kowpat, "that I could say a man was all thumbs and by so saying pay him a compliment, but this is what has been done on this historical day in the annals of Midland baseball history."

"I'd like to thank Mr. Kowpat," young Pike told the assemblage, "the entire Midland organization, the World Champion New York Yankees whose affiliate this Middle American League franchise is, my mother,

God and all the rest of the Midland fans for giving me this opportunity to prove myself and play. I only hope my hurling efforts reward the faith that they have showed in me thus far."

Pike is expected to be in a Midlanders uniform in time to toss the season's home opener against the rival Edgeville Industrial Giants on April 12th.



The Cap'n welcomes six-fingered phenom to Midland fold.

MIDLANDERS EDGE INDUSTRIAL GIANTS, 7-6

As Six-Fingered Flinger Makes Midland Mound Debut

Midland County Stadium, April 12th . . .

The Midland Nine crushed the victory hopes of the visiting Edgeville Industrial Giants with a rousing 7-6 triumph in the season's home opener yesterday. Home runs by catcher Squat Grogan and first sacker Swish Swanson plus smart relief work by hurler Stan "Irish" Palewski put the contest out of reach of the frustrated Giants.

In his first appearance in a Midland uniform, celebrated semipro standout Ezra "Six-Finger" Pike held rival batsmen helpless in the early going, breezing his baffling "thumb ball" by them for five strong innings before being shelled in the sixth, when he issued a leadoff pass to Stetkowski, hit Hogan with a pitched ball, allowed a long double to Wilson, scoring Stetkowski from second and Hogan from first, surrendered a single to Harrison, sending Wilson to third, walked Watson to fill the bags, gave up a towering home run to Fentry, clearing the sacks, loaded the bases by walking Sanders, Fanelli and Jones before being removed by Midland manager

Free Pictures of Your
Favorite Midland Baseball Stars
In Every Pack of

CAP'N KOWPAT CIGARETTES



"Not a Wheeze In a Wagonload . . . Not a Hack In the Pack"

SIX-FINGERED FLINGER PLAYS FALL-GUY IN OFF-FIELD FRACAS

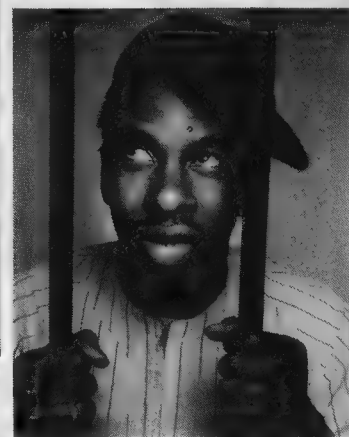
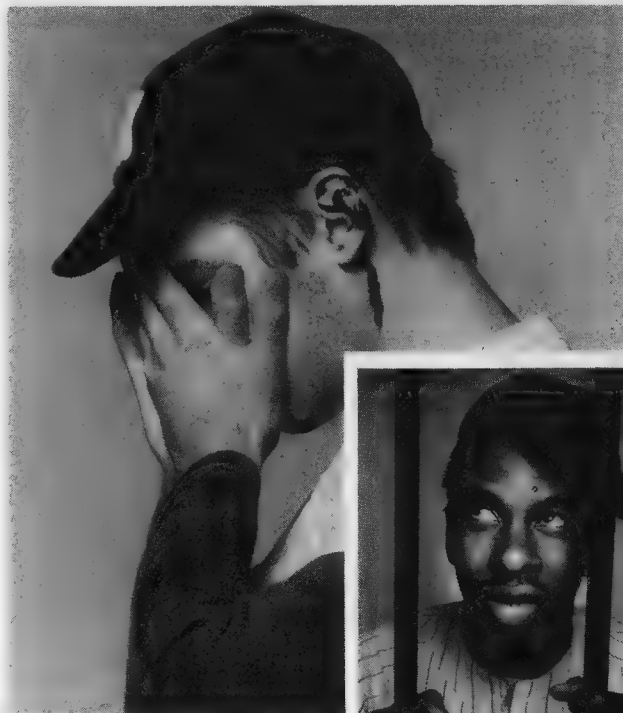
Exhibition Match With Barnstorming Colored Nine Turns To Violence April 17, 1927 . . .

Amos "Watermelon" Pitts, third sacker for the barnstorming East St. Louis Ebony Invincibles, slashed the left ear of Midland moundsman Ezra "Six-Finger" Pike with a razor concealed in his palm when the latter attempted to break up an off-field confrontation between Pitts and Midlander Stan "Irish" Palewski following yesterday's Midlanders-Invincibles match, which the colored nine took by a score of 13-0

The fracas began when Palewski allegedly confronted Pitts outside Mid-

land County Stadium and accused him of thieving a chicken he had hidden in his locker. Pitts, alone at the time, took umbrage at the accusation and attacked the Midland player. Observing the incident, Pike attempted to intervene and, in the ensuing excitement, received a superficial gash across the top of his left ear for his troubles. The six-fingered rookie twirler was treated at nearby Midland County Hospital and released.

Mr. Pitts is presently being held at Midland County Jail on assault, concealed weapon and attempted murder charges. The remainder of the Invincibles were rounded up at the Midland Colored Excelsior Hotel and booked as accessories.



BABE MAKES MIDLAND STOP!

Midland County Stadium, April 21 . . .

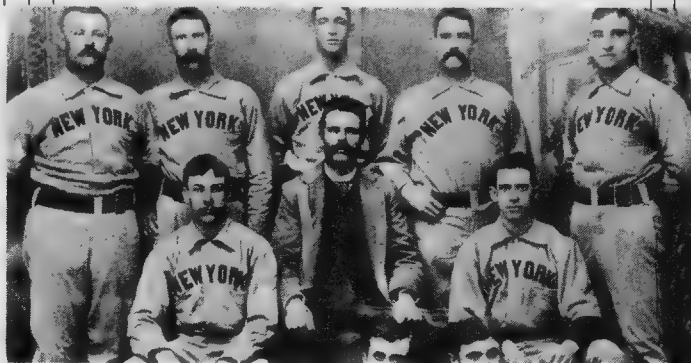
The one and only Babe Ruth, pacesetter slugger of the World Champion New York Yankees, led his stalwart diamond troops into Midland today to meet the townsfolk and prepare for the Yanks' upcoming exhibition match against the local Midland Midlanders. The game will mark the first time the mighty Bombers have ever faced their Class B Middle American League farm team. The New York outfit will pit star twirler Urban Shocker against the Midland's rookie hill hopeful Ezra "Six-Finger" Pike.

Led by the colorful Sultan of Swat, the World Champs exchanged greetings with local officials, citizens and reporters, then posed for pictures with members of the Midland nine. The amiable Babe paused to admire the unique hurling hand of "Six-Finger" Pike, quipping, "If he can have six fingers, wouldn't it only be fair if I could get four strikes?"



THE MIDLAND TOBACCO SHOPPE
Proudly Announces
That
THIS ESTABLISHMENT WILL BE CLOSED
Thursday, April 21
On Account Of
THE BALL GAME
Between
THE MIDLAND MIDLANDERS
Vs.

THE WORLD CHAMPION NY YANKEES



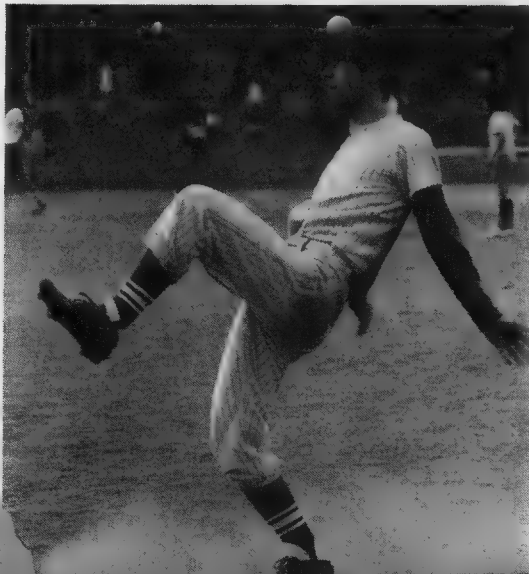
FLINGER FELLED BY SCREAMING LINE DRIVE OFF BAT OF VISITING BABE!

Midland County Stadium, April 22 . . .

A vicious line drive off the bat of visiting Babe Ruth on an 0-2 count in the first inning of yesterday's exhibition game between the Midlanders and the World Champion New York Yankees struck Midland pitcher Ezra "Six-Finger" Pike squarely in the head, seriously injuring the rookie slab artist.

The ball then bounded into deep left field and caromed off the fence, where it was retrieved after a long chase by outfielder "Dago" Van der Hoven, who pegged wildly to second base, too late to nail a speeding Ruth, who immediately took off toward third. First baseman Swish Swanson finally came up with the errant horsehide and fired it to third sacker John Jones, who promptly fumbled the lightning toss. By the time the bewildered Jones recovered the ball, a sliding Babe had crossed the plate safely to score an inside-the-park roundtripper that made the score 1-0 in favor of the visiting team.

The Yanks went on to win the match, 23-1.



THE OLD SPRAWL GAME

Some rookie moundsmen possess enough sense to give way to the premier swatsmiths of the game, but not Midland's own Six-Finger Pike. He breezed his thumb ball twice past the mighty Babe, but on the third strike it was Pike, not Ruth, who was out—probably for the season!



MIDLAND MORNING CALLER
April 23, 1927

MIDLANDERS RALLY TO STRICKEN MATE'S AID

Midland County Hospital . . .

Teammates of rookie hurler Ezra "Six-Finger" Pike visited their fallen comrade—critically injured by a vicious line drive off the bat of the visiting Babe Ruth during Thursday's ill-fated exhibition match between the World Champion Yanks and their Class B Midland farm club—at Midland County Hospital and presented him with a check, the proceeds of a clubhouse collection taken up the previous day.

As near as could be determined, young Pike seemed to appreciate his teammates' generous gesture. He thanked them, then in a hoarse, barely audible whisper requested they "Open the blinds and let the sunshine in." But the blinds were already open, the sunshine in, and no one with even so much as an ounce of human sentiment in his heart could blame four grown men plus this reporter, for owning

eyes that were, at that moment, decidedly moist.

While Pike's condition remains critical and his future in doubt, Midland County Hospital head Dr. Royce Connags expressed bemusement over Pike's request. "There's nothing wrong with his eyes," he said, adding almost as an afterthought, "though the brain may very well have been affected."

THE NIGHT THE BABE BROKE DOWN

by Midland Rice
(Exclusive to the Midland
Morning Caller)

April 23, 1927 . . .

It didn't look much like the Great Bambino, this sad-eyed, stoop-shouldered man called Ruth who sat virtually alone amid a crowded hotel suite crammed with wall-to-wall women and free-flowing hooch. Gone were the jaunty step, the cockeyed little grin, the impish twinkle normally so alive in the now-tearful eyes of the unlikely-looking Yankee slugger. No, for the Babe, Mr. Baseball, there would be no party tonight.

To escape the din and clamor of the merrymakers and backslappers who seemed to care not a jot for the stricken youngster's plight, Babe slipped out to the Midland-Hilton Hotel restaurant, where he picked his way through a light, listless meal consisting of four steaks, eleven baked potatoes, a tossed salad, two chocolate layer cakes and nine bottles of beer. Then the disheartened swatsmith again retired to his room, dismissing all save this reporter and one of his many attractive female admirers, with whom he disappeared into an adjoining room. But the Babe's mind was clearly on more critical matters than an evening's frolic, as he continually poked his great bowed head out the bedroom door to inquire as to whether there had been any further

news "about that kid I brained," an obscure minor league moundsman lying 'twixt life and death at Midland County Hospital.

Finally, not more than an hour or so later, the Babe sent the young woman on her way and, with a towel wrapped about his middle, slumped into an easy chair to share a fifth of bootleg vodka with this reporter. It was only Ruth's second such bottle of the night, and it looked for the world that he wouldn't be able to finish even that.

"My heart just ain't in it," he croaked, staring despairingly at the gleaming bottle of normally Lethean ambrosia, "it's too busy goin' out to that poor kid."

Somewhere the sun may be shining.



"SIX-FINGER" FAILS IN COMEBACK BID

September 2, 1927 . . .

Ezra "Six-Finger" Pike, early season Midland hill hopeful laid low by a screaming line drive off the bat of a visiting Babe Ruth in an April exhibition match, failed in attempts to come back from debilitating head injuries sustained in the near-tragic on-field mishap, it was learned today.

After working out with the team for several days, Pike was granted permission by Midland owner-general manager M. Burleigh (Cap'n) Kowpat to pitch in an intrasquad game. Failing to retire a single batter, the dejected diamond aspirant later admitted that his baseball future no longer seemed to loom as bright as it had but a few short months before.

"I didn't have my stuff out there today," the disappointed thumb-baller allowed. "I had somebody else's

stuff. But not someone you'd know. No, it was more like, like someone from another world, Mars maybe, where they don't play the game so good. What I need, I think, is a short vacation to where they are hiding me. It might be a matter for the courts."

Pike's future plans, if any, were not made known. But it does seem to look as though, whatever they may be, they will not be inextricably bound with those of the local nine.

MIDLAND MORNING CALLER

"Serving Greater Midland County
Since Way Before Your Time"

"Six-Finger" Enters Midland Sanatorium

September 30, 1927 . . .

Midland rookie pitcher Ezra "Six-Finger" Pike entered Midland Country Sanatorium yesterday to undergo preliminary examinations to



OFFICIAL WINNERS OF THE MIDLAND SUNDAY MORNING CALLER'S 1ST ANNUAL NATIONAL PASTIME POETRY CONTEST

3rd Runner-up: Stanley Kozinski, 14, Freshman, Midland County High School.

The Ballad of Ezra Pike

*Oh you've heard of Dizzy and Dazzy and Ty
You've read about Alibi Ike
But has there ever been a hero in the sweet by and by
the Likes of Six-Finger Pike???*

*He was a rookie whose feet were still wet
His ears were playing-field green
He was the oddest hurler ever seen, yet
He joined the Midland team.*

*He looked like a sharp one, this six-fingered youth
As he breezed his thumb ball by'em
Show him the fiercest batsmen, and in truth,
Six Finger was dyin' to try'em.*

*Then one day the Babe marched into town
His mighty Yanks trooping behind him
Said Pike, 'Perhaps my pitches they'll hit
But first they will have to locate them'*

*When the Babe's bat struck, so did tragedy too
In the form of a vicious line drive
When it caught the young moundsman square in the head
He was just about as much dead as alive.*

*Six-finger survived but his talents did flee him
He was sent packing and went on his way
But say, good sir, if you happen to see him
Tell him we are, in a sense, still with him, wherever he may be today.*



Midland Morning Caller

LOCAL MAN INJURED IN FREAK ACCIDENT

March 16, 1962 . . .

Ezra Pike, a Midland resident, was seriously injured when his left hand was caught in a freight elevator at the Midland Freight and Storage Company at 621 Oak Street. The injured man was delivering a package from the Midland Mercury Messenger Service, where he is employed, when the mishap occurred.

Fred Sherby, manager of the building, denied any responsibility in the matter. "He (Pike) just wasn't paying attention," he said. "It's as simple as that."

Doctors report that Pike will lose two fingers—both thumbs—from his injured left hand as a result of the accident.

"It's not the end of the world," sighed Pike, 53.



Midland Morning Caller

FORMER LOCAL BASEBALL TALENT RELEASED FROM MIDLAND SANITARIUM

September 21, 1959 . . .

After nearly 32 years of confinement, Mr. Ezra Pike, a former pitcher for the long-defunct Midland Midlanders baseball team of the old Class B Middle American League, secured his release yesterday from the Midland County Sanatorium For the Patently Dysfunctional.

Known during his brief playing career as "Six-Finger," a reference to the extra thumb on his left hand, Pike had been referred for treatment shortly after being struck in the head by a ball hit by

Babe Ruth, whose New York Yankees owned the minor league Midland franchise.

Squinting against the bright sunshine of an early Fall day, Mr. Pike seemed in generally good spirits. He noted that the weather "hadn't changed much" during the "months" he'd "been away" and expressed hopes of finding employment in Midland. When asked what he remembered of his playing days, the 51-year-old Pike seemed to grow fearful, and nervously observed, "Now you're taking me back." The



BIFF'S WORLD

Lords of Baseball Harbor Short Memory For Forgotten Casualties of the "Beautiful Game"

(Reprinted with the publisher's permission from Nobody Even Cared, by Biff Barligh, Sports Division, Indictment Press, Chicago, Illinois, \$6.95).

Mention the name Ezra Pike and more often than not the mentionee will shoot back, "Ezra who?" Which, when you stop and think about it, is a pretty fair question.

Why? Well, that's another pretty fair question, and one you'll have to ask the mighty Lords of Baseball—self-appointed protectors of the sacred image of our so-called 'national pastime'—if you want an answer. But don't expect to get one. The Lords of Baseball, you see, don't choose to work that way. It's not mysterious enough.

Which brings us back to our original question. Don't feel too lost in the stygian netherworld of abject ignorance if you weren't able to answer it yourself. After all, you're not supposed to (be able to). The Lords of Baseball don't want you to be (able to).

Ezra Pike never wore a major league uniform. Indeed, he wore a minor league Class B uniform. And for less than a month at that. Fans did not exactly fall into paroxysms of love, lust and/or envy at the sight of Ezra Pike or the mention of his mere name. In fact, history, when it condescends to remember him at all, remembers only two things about Ezra Pike, part-time hurler for the long-defunct 1927 Midland Midlanders of the since-vanished Middle American League: the extra thumb on his pitching hand and the vicious skull-shot off the bat of the 'immortal' Babe Ruth (dead of cancer) that dispatched Ezra Pike to that lonely limbo where baseball toilers go when they are suddenly transformed, via one swing of a lethal weapon, from active players into forgotten casualties of the so-called "Beautiful Game."

But who really cared? Not the Dictators of the Diamond. They didn't want the messy taint of a promising career laid low to haunt them throughout the glory days of that championship season at Yankee Stadium, the so-called House That Ruth Built. Who cared about the fate of a lowly Class B pitcher, and a six-fingered 'freak' at that? But one has to wonder whether the so-called Great Bambino might not have reflected upon the fate of Ezra Pike during his own moments of doubt and pain when, after filling Stadium coffers for well over 15 years, he too was cut loose, tossed out of the very house he had allegedly built by the cold-hearted Fascists of the Front

Midland Morning Caller March 27, 1962 . . .

FORMER DIAMOND PERFORMER LOSES JOB

Midland resident and former minor league baseball player Ezra "Four-Finger" Pike was dismissed by the Midland Mercury Messenger Service after losing both thumbs on his left hand, the result of a freak encounter with a freight elevator.

"Since welfare is only for foreigners and I think I was born somewhere around here, I suppose I will simply retire," said Pike, 53.

Office without so much as a fare-thee-well. Old and ailing, his spindly legs and absurdly petite feet no longer able to support an ample bulk ravaged by years of hedonistic self-indulgence, the Babe played part of that season with the lowly Boston Braves, then quit, victim of the vagaries of Time, only to die a scant 13 years later.

And you can bet so-called fans who still labor under the grand delusion that baseball still has some relevance in an era of irrelevance of the most vicious variety will still ask, Ezra who?

When they do, tell'em Ezra Pike.
That's who.

MIDLAND MORNING CALLER

*"Serving Greater Midland County
Since Way Before Your Time"*

The Sporting News April 8, 1975

Former major league hurler and author *Jim Bouton* "died" April 4th when he learned that Simon & Schuster traded his contract to Random House for two receptionists, a first reader, and a minor novelist to be named later. Bouton was 37.

Ezra "Six-Finger" Pike, who pitched briefly for the old Midland Midlanders of the defunct Class B Middle American League, died of unknown causes in Midland, Indiana on April 1st. He was 67.

TATTERDEMALION

What is it, the energy crisis? Air pollution? Depletion of the ozone layer with the consequent intensification of ultraviolet radiation on garment fabrics? Whatever it is, clothes just don't seem to be *holding up* so well any more, and the impact on Young Fashion has been simply *tree-men-jous*!

Surely you've noticed it nowadays, the way your dungarees dissolve on the way home from the store, your cords collapse, your denims decrepitate and your polyester goes *pffft* before you've even had time to get them stylishly mussed. And just as the threads get ever more threadbare, so too the prices get even more steep. A downright *frustrating* coincidence, *nicht*

wahr?

Well, leave it to today's ingenious fashion trendsetters to solve both headaches with one big aspirin: the *Tatterdemalion Look*. "Pump your riches into rags," is the slogan on all the best-informed lips. It's not enough any more to look merely Casual. Even dear old Sloppy has gone by the board, and of course the Faded Fad is strictly *low rent*

nowadays. The only acceptable appearance any more is—well, look at these two pages here—*Tatterdemalion*!

Sure, those with the big bucks to squander on old-fashioned durable fabrics are laughing *now* at the ragamuffin rage—but don't worry, by the time school opens in September we'll *all* look like Emmett Kelly!

FASH!



Going Places? Time was when a person could catch a tramp steamer to Morrocco and work all the way there and back in jeans and workshirt (\$26.60 at "The Gawp"):

TRASH!



Feets, do your stuff! Whoever said feet were "the ugliest part of your body" obviously never saw four or six cuty little piggies peeking coyly out from between the seams of the latest *Thom McCorn* styles (\$25-\$40). In all honesty, though, this sort of fractured footwear is *not* recommended for high-crime areas, what with all those *huge* pet police dogs!

FLASH!



The Air-Conditioned Daydream. Summer-time, and the biking is breezy in these very, very ecological no-ply corduroy styles offered by *J.C. Penn'orth* (\$19.99). A single hike to the beach and back is sufficient to render these brittle breeches the very epitome of frazzle-fashion.

GASH!



Runs for the money. Avant-garde art collectors, the fools, search the world over for "found objects" with pleasing natural abstract designs. While any woman with \$5.50 can score a pair of *Haynous Pantyhose*, and watch her very own individual artwork appear spontaneously up and down her legs.



Alice in E.S.P. LAND

ADVENTURES "BETWEEN THE EARS"

ALICE YOU'RE A DISGRACE TO THE E.T.C. MOVEMENT. WHY WARP YOUR MIND ON THAT PSYCHIC GARBAGE, WHEN YOU CAN ACHIEVE FULL CONSCIOUSNESS BY READING MY LATEST BOOK, *WERNER EBHARD'S E.T.C. FOR TEENS AND TWEENS?*

WHY DID I GET STUCK WITH HAVING WERNER EBHARD FOR A FATHER?

EYELESS SIGHTINGS OF U.F.O.'S

GEEZ. I'M ONLY WEARING KNEE SOCKS. YET I FEEL THE PRESENCE OF SOMETHING ALIEN.

LATER

LOOK AT THAT WEIRD CREATURE WALKING DOWN THE STREET. COULD IT BE AN ALIEN FROM OUTER SPACE? ONE OF VON DANIKEN'S LITTLE DARLINGS FROM THE CHARIOT OF THE GODS?

I'M LATE
:BLEEP:
I'M LATE
:BLEEP: :BLEEP:

SUDDENLY

HELP... I'M FALLING INTO THE GROUND. DADDY EBHARD! WERNER! THIS MAY BE THE END OF ME.



AND THEN A VISION

HOW CURIOUS! THE SKY IS FILLED WITH UNIDENTIFIED FLYING OBJECTS. EVEN CURIOSER STILL, I CAN IDENTIFY THEM. A MAC DONALD'S HAMBURGER, A LIFESAVER, A CUP OF COFFEE... THEY MUST BE THE ASTRAL BODIES OF WHAT I HAD FOR LUNCH TODAY.

THIS ODD MAN WEARING GIANT FALSE TEETH AND STANDING ON A MUSHROOM MUST BE A NATIVE... I'LL ASK HIM WHERE I AM AND WHO HE IS.

PARDON ME, SIR. DO YOU KNOW THE NAME OF THIS PLACE? WHO ARE YOU? HAVE YOU SEEN A LITTLE ALIEN PASS THIS WAY?

FLEAS MAY FLY AWAY BUT FLIES WILL NEVER FLEE THE TONGUE MAY TRY BUT TEETH WILL NEVER LIE -WHO WERE YOU?

WHO WAS I? WHY I'M ALICE.

NO, I WANT TO KNOW WHO YOU WERE. I'M REFERRING TO REINCARNATION. WHO WERE YOU IN YOUR PAST LIFE? HOWARD HUGHES? ARISTOTLE ONASSIS? DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER? THE MOOSEKETEER? TCH! DON'T YOU REMEMBER?

HE'S READING MY MIND! THIS MUST BE E.S.P. LAND!



WILL YOU SAIL A LITTLE FASTER SAID THE CAPTAIN TO THE MATE
THERE'S A TIME WARP CLOSE BEHIND US, DISAPPEARANCE IS OUR FATE
SO EAGERLY UPON US IN THIS FISH TANK OF EFFECT
SO MEARILY HURLING US IN THE DEEP SEA OF NEGLECT
WILL WE WON'T WE, WILL WE WON'T WE DISAPPEAR
WILL WE WON'T WE, WILL WE WON'T WE DISAPPEAR
ALICE YOU'RE A DEAR BUT JUST A BIT TOO SQUARE
FOR THIS TRIANGLE, SO WHY DON'T YOU GO SEE THE
FAD HATTER WHO LIVES AT 101 TEAPOT DOME
HE'S A BIT OF A SCANDAL BUT SOMEONE YOU CAN HANDLE.

YOU MUST BE THE
INFAMOUS FAD HATTER

LATER...

SH! NOT SO LOUD, I'VE BEEN
BROUGHT UP ON TRUMPED-UP
CHARGES- ACCUSED OF TRYING
TO SELL CONDOMINIUMS ON
ATLANTIS. HOWEVER, YOU'RE
JUST IN TIME FOR A
PYRAMIDWARE DEMONSTRATION:

SPEAK ROUGHLY TO YOUR PYRAMIDWARE
AND BEAT IT WHEN IT CREASES
IT PRESERVES FRESH MEAT FOR YOU TO ENJOY
BECAUSE IT KNOWS IT PLEASES.

DO HAVE A SEAT AND JOIN MY PYRAMIDWARE
PARTY/ BOARD MEETING. TODAY I SHALL
LAUNCH THE FIRST ANCIENT FAST FOOD CHAIN.
YES SIRREE, BAKED ATLANTIS WILL BE ON
YOUR SUPERMARKET SHELF IN HAROLD
SPHINX PYRAMIDWARE WITH FREE COUPONS
FOR SHARES IN THE AFTERLIFE
INSURANCE COMPANY.

THIS IS NOT PROPER AT ALL.
THOSE PYRAMID NAPKINS ARE
SUPPOSED TO GO OVER THE FORKS,
NOT THE SPOONS. I BETTER GO...

WHOOOPS WHO BENT THIS
FORK? AHAAH, IT MUST BE THOSE
FLYING FOLLOWERS OF REVEREND
SUN UN SPOON. THEY WANT THE
WORLD TO EAT WITH PSYCHIC
CHOPSTICKS.

AT LAST,
MY ALIEN.

WE'RE LATE, WE'RE LATE,
FOR A VERY IMPORTANT
FATE... YOURS! TIME FOR
YOUR TRIAL, ALICE.

AT THE TRIAL

ALICE, THIS COURT FINDS YOU GUILTY OF READING ESCAPIST OCCULT LITERATURE, OF BEING GUILTY OF CONSEQUENT REASONABLENESS AND RIGHTNESS IN AN UNREASONABLE LAND, AND I HEREBY SENTENCE YOU TO 30 DAYS OF A DE SILVA'S MIND CONTROL COURSE.

OH NO, ANYTHING BUT THAT, EVEN E.T.C. PLEASE, LET ME GO HOME AND I PROMISE I'LL BE OFF JEAN DIXON, EDGAR CAYCE AND VON DANIKEN FOR LIFE.

AND NOW FOR MY SNOTTY HANDERCHIEF TRICK.

:BLEEP, BLEEP:

SHALL WE SAY "FINI!"

BASICALLY, MY FIRST OBJECTIVE IN HANDLING A KID LIKE ALICE IS TO GET HER TO SEE THE FACT VERY CLEARLY, THAT IT'S ALL "BETWEEN THE EARS," BUT YOU MUST GET HER TO SEE SHE SHOULD BE PLAYING NOTHING BUT A GAME, MY GAME, THE GAME CALLED E.T.C.

PLEASE DON'T MAKE ME STAY HERE. I WANT TO GO HOME

I'LL BE A GOOD GIRL, BE FULLY CONSCIOUS...

WELL, I'LL BE, IT WAS NOTHING BUT A BUNCH OF BOOKS.

Is it true? This amazing PSYCHIC PERCEPTOR brings you Wealth, Love and Power Beyond Belief!

Miraculous "Mental Instrument" offers instantaneous power to make your dreams come true! Power to SEE ALL, HEAR ALL, and COMMAND ALL!

Yes, Dr. Joseph Murphy's amazing secret of the Psychic Perceptor is here at last! After 20 years of mind research this miraculous psychic discovery is now yours.

Twenty years ago, the purposes and uses of this amazing psychic wonder were first perceived by Dr. Joseph Murphy of California. The amazing secret of the Psychic Perceptor—the miraculous mental instrument of the mind that can be made to respond to your will and desires!

The impossible had been achieved! As experiments progressed, thousands of poor, unhappy, discouraged men and women were having their lives transformed at last by one of the most magnificent discoveries in history!

Thousands Helped!

Now, you too, says Dr. Joseph Murphy, can build up an enormous treasure of wealth, energy, power over others, and new friends... while you rid yourself of fear, doubt, and evil psychic forces that may be blocking your road to fame and fortune.

All by using the one little secret of the Psychic Perceptor, that takes only minutes to learn—and can start working for you, automatically!

You can forget your age, young or old, when I say that you can give orders to your Psychic Perceptor, tell it to make your life richer, healthier, and more productive, and get what you want.

A Proven Method!

Proof that this method works is supported by Dr. Murphy's personal witness and his files filled with thousands of true life case histories...

A former secretary claims: "If someone had told me a year ago that I would be driving a Lincoln; wearing a mink coat, expensive diamonds and sapphires; living in my own home and married to a wonderful man, I would have laughed out loud."

Almost overnight, after using the secret of the Psychic Perceptor, wealth and happiness flowed to her in avalanches of abundance.

To utilize this miraculous new-found power, you need to learn only one thing—just one—and if you can read a few simply-told, easy-to-follow instructions, this tremendous power-giving force is yours to command.

You Can Prove It Yourself At Our Risk—Just As These People Did!

CLAIMS PSYCHIC PERCEPTOR BRINGS HIM WINNING TICKET! Dr. Murphy tells about a man who could not pay his bills. The rent was three months past due and his purse was empty. Dr. Murphy gave him the Psychic Perceptor secret—and a friend gave him an Irish Sweepstakes ticket. One month later, he received a large sum of money, which solved all his problems!

PICKS WINNERS IN SIX RACES! Mr. J. J., of California, had been in the habit of losing \$10 to \$15 weekly at the race track. Accordingly, he began using his Psychic Perceptor every night for about 15 minutes to ask for \$50,000. On the fifth week, he went to the track and bet on six races. **THEY WERE ALL WINNERS!** And he received \$50,000 cash!

STRANGER HANDS HER \$100,000! Mrs. X., of Georgia, a widow who was living alone, could not keep up the payments on her home. Hearing of Dr. Murphy, she contacted him, and he gave her the secret of the Psychic Perceptor. After using this one simple secret—out of the blue—a stranger knocked on her door and she got the \$100,000 she needed!

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Joseph Murphy, D.D., D.R.S.,
Ph.D., LL.D., Fellow of the
Andhra Research University of India

Dr. Joseph Murphy is an internationally-known author, teacher, and lecturer. He is one of the foremost speakers on mental and spiritual laws in the world today. He is Minister of the Church of Divine Science, Los Angeles, California, and speaks to an audience of about fifteen hundred every Sunday.

Dr. Murphy conducts a daily radio program on self-development and frequently appears on television. Hundreds of thousands have attended his classes on the power of the subconscious mind.

HOW SHE GOT A FREE VACATION! Mrs. Louise B. used her Psychic Perceptor to ask for a wonderful vacation. Shortly afterwards she received a gift of a European holiday for her entire family!

Dr. Murphy tells of "miraculous" healings, of men and women who were able to draw their loved ones to them—as bees to honey—with this secret, contact long-lost friends and relatives, strengthen and unite all family ties!

Amazing Secret is Easy To Use!

According to Dr. Murphy, if you are poor, your Psychic Perceptor can give you the wealth of an emperor, if you are tired or rundown it can give you boundless strength and energy, if you lack friends it can surround you with an army of devoted men and women—boosters and supporters who will stand side by side with you against the world, if need be.

Yes, my friend, you can do it as surely as you can breathe, and almost as easily.

What looks like sheer magic to others is merely the operation of a newly discovered natural process **WHICH YOU CAN MAKE THE SERVANT OF YOUR WILL.**

Why It Must Work For You!

Best of all, your Psychic Perceptor is guaranteed to work for you automatically and endlessly for one simple reason... because it has worked for thousands of ordinary men and women from all walks of life, no better, no smarter, no luckier or harder working than you—and is working for them right now!

- These people have received—
- Wealth in avalanches of abundance, and discoveries of hidden treasure!
- Psychic healing of maladies thought incurable!
- Contact with long-lost friends and relatives!
- Power to see and hear beyond walls and over great distances!
- Freedom from fear of voodoo or evil eye!
- Happier marriages, and more zestful daily living!
- Prevention of many unnecessary tragedies!
- The joyous satisfaction of the answered prayer!

According to Dr. Murphy, it can set you on the high road to happiness, quickly, easily, and automatically—just as it has for thousands of others!

Receives A Million Dollars!

"I had the most amazing telephone call from the husband of a woman we shall call Mrs. H.," says Dr. Murphy. "My wife just inherited a million dollars. You told her what to do!" She simply told her Psychic Perceptor she wanted \$1 million—and at the end of about a month, she was advised by a stranger that she had inherited over a million dollars. It was, as her husband said, "completely out of the blue!"

Receives A Wonderful Healing!

Dr. Murphy reports how a medical doctor who had hurt his back, was sick in bed—and couldn't work or walk—was healed with his Psychic Perceptor! "Something happened to me," he said, "A strange feeling came over me; I felt a healing force flowing through me."

Reveals A Small Fortune In Dollar Bills!

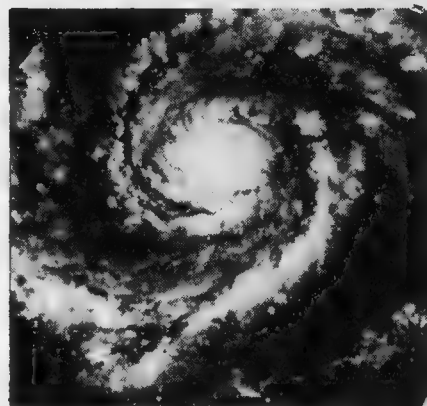
A woman in New York City says she asked her Psychic Perceptor to tell her the location of a box containing money. Soon she clearly saw a small black box hidden in the wall behind a picture of Lincoln. She saw a secret button, which could not be seen with the naked eye. When she pressed the button, an opening appeared containing the black box, which contained \$50,000 in cash.

How A Widow Of 72 Banished Loneliness!

Mrs. L., a widow, wanted desperately to remarry. She complained that although she had written for prayers to all the New Thought Churches to pray for the right husband for her, all the effort had come to naught. She said that her children were grown up, married, and living as far as 3,000 miles away and that while she met many widowers, no one had proposed to her. On Dr. Murphy's instructions, she used her Psychic Perceptor. Shortly afterward, she met a wonderful retired physician—who proposed marriage, which she accepted!

"Let Wonders Happen In Your Life Beginning Now!"

Yes now, says Dr. Joseph Murphy, YOU can have the power of a mighty PSYCHIC PERCEPTOR!



CEPTOR—to see all, hear all, and command! Mighty Extrasensory Power, power beyond the range of normal sight and sound, power that knows no bound in time and space—

Power to command that which you wish to occur, as if by magic, easily, automatically, by unobserved means! And as the mighty PSYCHIC PERCEPTOR secret works for you, you will see this power emerging in your daily life!

For just as a magician's wand was said to cause miracles, the secret of the Psychic Perceptor can bring miracles such as these—according to Dr. Murphy:

- PROOF**—A girl who was slowly dying due to a belief that someone in Tahiti had put the "fix" (a native curse) on her—received a wonderful healing and is now bubbling over with the joy of life!
- PROOF**—Another reports she was immediately able to see her long-lost father, in a hotel room—thousands of miles away—and make him come back!
- PROOF**—A young lady, whose doctor had given her 4 months to live, told her Psychic Perceptor to heal her. Six months later, her doctor said "A miracle has happened." Two years have passed and she says she is completely cured!
- PROOF**—A young lady from Wichita, Kansas, states that the Psychic Perceptor method enabled her to reduce and control her weight. Her goal was 118 pounds, and—true to the law—she reduced 40 pounds!
- PROOF**—Another woman saw the man of her dreams, with her Psychic Perceptor, and he was automatically attracted to her!
- PROOF**—A girl was able to protect herself completely from being hypnotized by an expert, who wanted her to disrobe in front of twelve men and women!
- PROOF**—Another user reports using her Psychic Perceptor to free her—at long last—from an evil spirit who was constantly annoying her, pouring out vulgarisms, obscenities, commanding her to violate her sex code, as well as even scratching her at night. The spirit disappeared—not daring to return!

And best of all, this power can work for you right now, according to Dr. Murphy. You need no special abilities or training. On the contrary, he says, it's the simplest thing in the world!

— MAIL NO RISK COUPON TODAY! —

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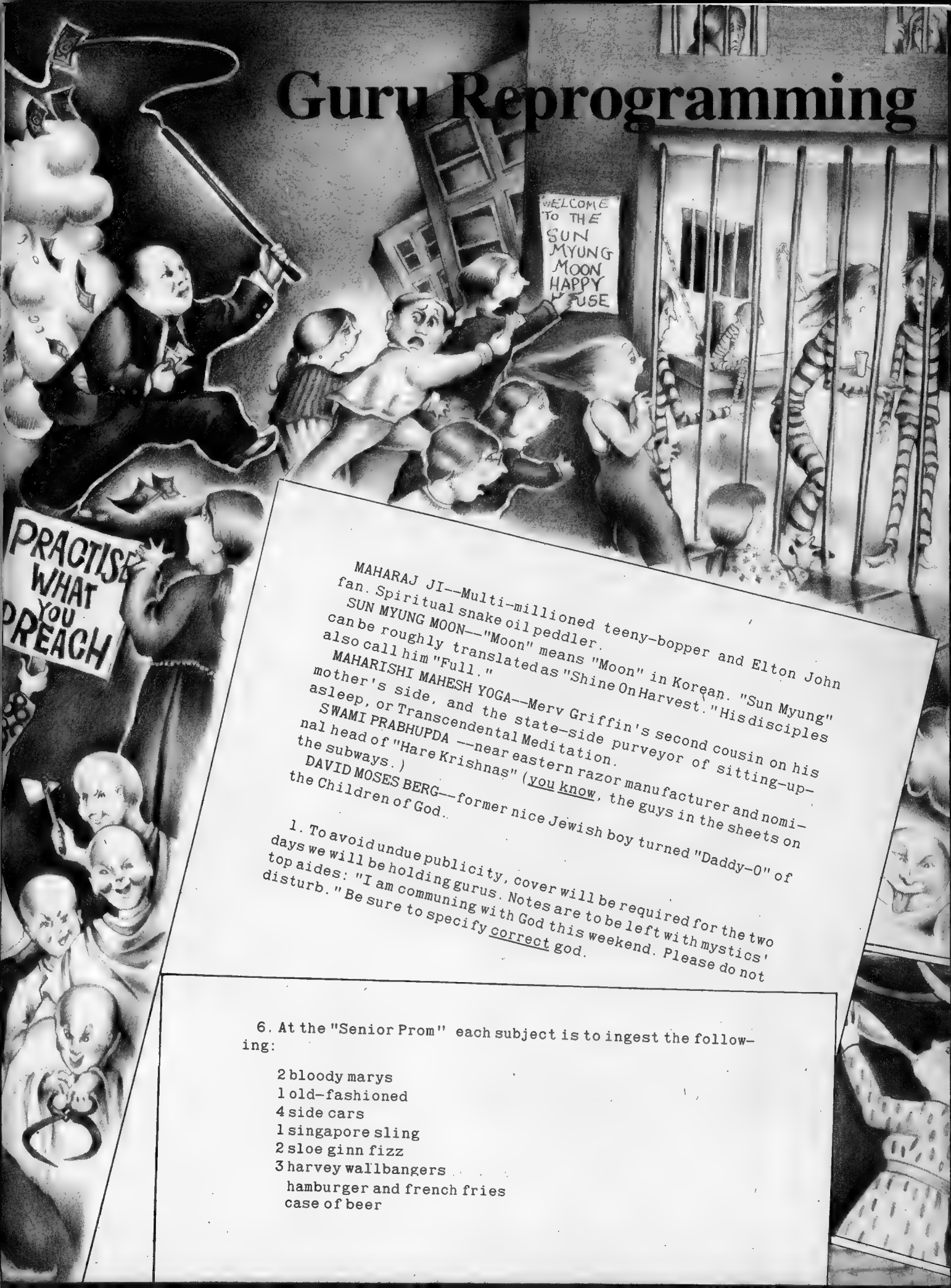
MEMO TO: H.H. HUNT
FROM: G.G. LIDDY, code: CARROT TOP
RE: Reprogramming Gurus

As you know, HHH, our nation has been swept by a tide of theopistic subversives. Thousands of our muddle-headed young have resisted the forces of radicalism only to throw themselves into "religious" groups whose methods and uncaptalist-ic ideology too closely resemble those of nations that pursue economic and political policies antithetical to this great country of ours—if you get my drift.

For instance, followers of "gurus" of various ilk often live in "communes," give up all taxable income to the tax-exempt foundations run by their "churches" and work like slave-labor camp prisoners to earn millions more of these tax-exempt dollars for their leaders. The leaders capture their converts with a process of indoctrination and godly propaganda similar to brain washings used by those already too familiar to us.

Resistance to these mendacious mystics has begun--parents have resorted to kidnapping and reprogramming their own starry-eyed progeny, a method which has been successful on a very small scale. Our superiors believe that similar means could be used to effectively rechannel these mystical minions and their millions by starting at the top. It is up to us to see this country safe for Episcopalians, HHH. It is up to us to see that these secular growth industries contribute to the Gross National Product. It is up to us to kidnap the gurus and re-indoctrinate them with our great American ideals (i.e. brain-wash them). Enclosed are the instructions for a systematic process of indoctrination by which the gurus will "re-live" their lives as middle-class, white, American males. Only in this way can we be assured that they will adopt the values that have made our nation strong, and in turn, sweep the waves of their followers back into the American mainstream. Targeted for reprogramming are the first group of gurus:

Guru Reprogramming



PRACTISE
WHAT
YOU
PREACH

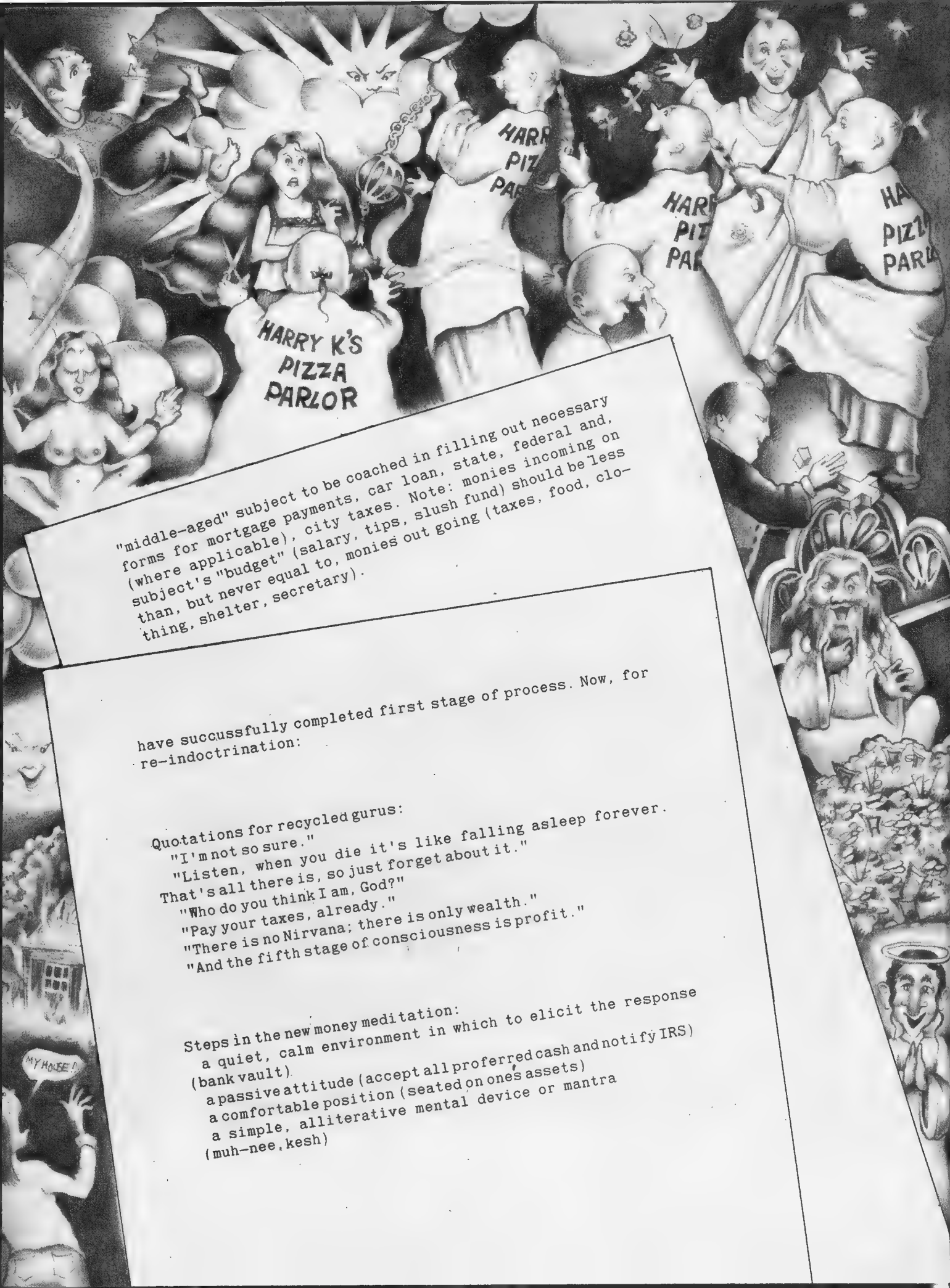
WELCOME
TO THE
SUN
MYUNG
MOON
HAPPY
HOUSE

MAHARAJ JI—Multi-millioned teeny-bopper and Elton John fan. Spiritual snake oil peddler.
SUN MYUNG MOON—"Moon" means "Moon" in Korean. "Sun Myung" can be roughly translated as "Shine On Harvest." His disciples also call him "Full."
MAHARISHI MAHESH YOGA—Merv Griffin's second cousin on his mother's side, and the state-side purveyor of sitting-up-asleep, or Transcendental Meditation.
SWAMI PRABHUPDA —near eastern razor manufacturer and nominal head of "Hare Krishnas" (you know, the guys in the sheets on the subways.)
DAVID MOSES BERG—former nice Jewish boy turned "Daddy-O" of the Children of God.

1. To avoid undue publicity, cover will be required for the two days we will be holding gurus. Notes are to be left with mystics' top aides: "I am communing with God this weekend. Please do not disturb." Be sure to specify correct god.

6. At the "Senior Prom" each subject is to ingest the following:

- 2 bloody marys
- 1 old-fashioned
- 4 side cars
- 1 singapore sling
- 2 sloe ginn fizz
- 3 harvey wallbangers
- hamburger and french fries
- case of beer



"middle-aged" subject to be coached in filling out necessary forms for mortgage payments, car loan, state, federal and, (where applicable), city taxes. Note: monies incoming on subject's "budget" (salary, tips, slush fund) should be less than, but never equal to, monies out going (taxes, food, clothing, shelter, secretary).

have successfully completed first stage of process. Now, for re-indoctrination:

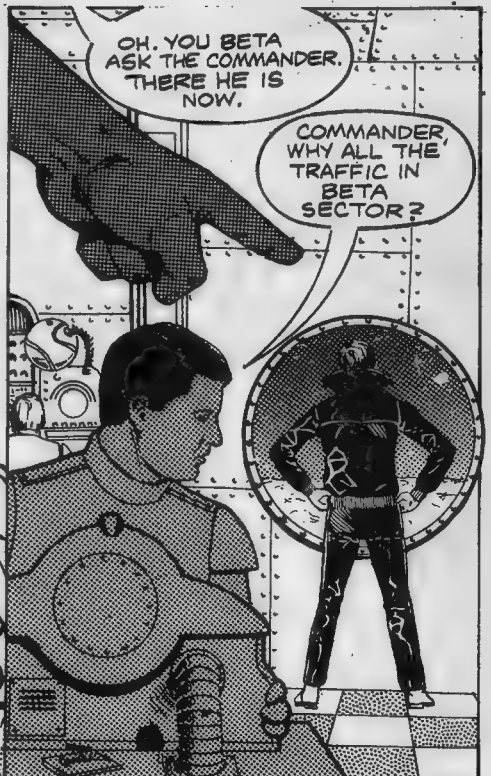
Quotations for recycled gurus:

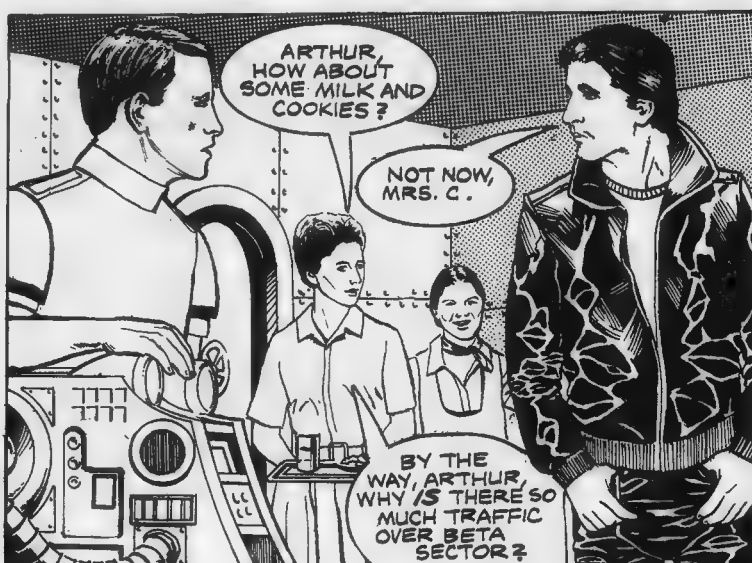
- "I'm not so sure."
- "Listen, when you die it's like falling asleep forever. That's all there is, so just forget about it."
- "Who do you think I am, God?"
- "Pay your taxes, already."
- "There is no Nirvana; there is only wealth."
- "And the fifth stage of consciousness is profit."

Steps in the new money meditation:

- a quiet, calm environment in which to elicit the response (bank vault)
- a passive attitude (accept all proffered cash and notify IRS)
- a comfortable position (seated on one's assets)
- a simple, alliterative mental device or mantra (muh-nee, kesh)

THIS FALL, INSTEAD OF COMING UP WITH NEW IDEAS, TELEVISION WILL COMBINE ALREADY SUCCESSFUL SHOWS TO GET ANOTHER SERIES. THIS PROGRAM IS SET IN OUTER SPACE, IN THE FUTURE. (THE ONLY PROBLEM IS, WE'VE GOT TO WATCH THEM IN THE PRESENT.)







ALL RIGHT, COMMANDER PHONZ, WE'RE COOL. WHAT'S GOING ON?



IT'S PROJECT, DORF. BE COOL. IT'S A DISPOSAL PROGRAM.



WHAT'S DORF?

"FORD" SPELLED BACKWARDS.

SOON THE ENTIRE BACK OF THE MOON'LL BE ONE BIG USED CAR LOT.



OH, THAT'S WHERE THEY'RE GOING I WONDERED WHY I DIDN'T SEE THEM AROUND.

WE'RE TRANSPORTING ALL THE EDSLS AND DUMPING THEM ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE MOON.

SOON WE'RE GONNA HAVE ALL THE USED CARS IN THE WORLD. THEN YOU'RE GONNA SEE SOME REAL STOCK CAR RACING!

PARK 'ER IN FRONT OF THE STUDEBAKER.

WHERE'S THIS ONE GO?



YOU CRAZY MAN? USED CARS ON THE MOON?


COMMANDER PHONZ, ARE YOU GOING TO LET HIM TALK TO YOU LIKE THAT.

STEP OUTSIDE.

PHONZ, YOU CAN'T FIGHT HIM NOW.

IT'S COOL.





SWAMP GAS, GENERAL? YOU'VE GOT TO BE KIDDING.

IT'S COOL. WE'LL BE JUST IN TIME FOR THE INDIANAPOLIS 500,000.

WE CAN'T CRASH. WE'RE THE ENTIRE 1950'S. IF WE GO, WHAT'S GOING TO BE LEFT?

WHAT ARE YOUR READINGS SPOCK?

THE MOON OF THAT CLASS M PLANET HAS JUST CRASHED INTO IT, DESTROYING BOTH OF THEM COMPLETELY.

I THOUGHT THE 1950'S WOULD NEVER FINISH. NOW WE CAN GET ON WITH THE FUTURE.



ATTACK OF THE PET ROCKS

by Phil Hirsch

It began, like most cataclysmic events, as an almost inconsequential incident on the historic (to pet rocks) afternoon of June 3, 1975. That was the day when Gerald P. Ogmath had the not-so-brilliant (not if you are a pet rock) idea to box pet rocks. Wasn't it horrifying enough that people in their infinite cruelty couldn't leave well enough alone? No, they had to start looking under rocks and making pets out of the prettiest of us rocks. Then Ogmath, a real smart-ass, had to get into the act. He went one step too far by designing those fancy boxes (we call them cages) for pet rocks.

Well, you can fool some of the rocks some of the time, etc., etc., but when you submit coral to one—*quartz boxes*—and expose us to other similar indignities—you are inviting the stones of Rome to

rise and mutiny!

The day that Ogmath confined us to those dark, dank dungeons, we plotted revenge. Soon after began the pilgrimage to our Mecca—the *Rock of Gibraltar*. (Those who couldn't make that hegira made the trip to minor-league Mecca—the *Boulder Dam*.) Irish rocks were given papal dispensation to journey to the Blarney Stone if they weren't healthy enough to make it to Gibraltar.

Thousands of pet rocks escaped and joined hundreds of thousands of free rocks, and marching to the music of a rock group (what then?) called *the Rolling Stones*, began to wend their way to that most holy of shrines.

Every one of us who went to Gibraltar prayed that we would be set free. Hell, if God parted the Red Sea for the children of Israel, the least he

could do was to "let my pebble go" . . . to let people see the folly of their ways and to stop enslaving rocks by making them pets. And if He in His infinite wisdom could not see His way clear to go that far, the least He could do was to make it possible that no rock would ever again be wrapped like a stupid, useless jewel in some package-designer's ugly horrible nightmare of a box.

After all, don't rocks feel, too. If you prick us, don't we bleed!

Unfortunately, our prayers were not answered. Or were they? God moves in mysterious ways. Perhaps, somehow, He took the rocks out of our heads and made us see that there was only one way to save ourselves from a fate worse than a rockslide.

We had to do something drastic. Prayer hadn't

worked. We had, therefore, to fight fire with fire. We had to crush the oppressors. Yes, if necessary, we had to *stone* them!

And so it came to pass that, on the third Wednesday in March of 1976, the pet rocks met secretly and plotted the following succession of events that came to pass:

The Stoning of Man, a bloody affair, of which the less said the better. Suffice it to say that, after being pelted for three hours with everything from tiny pebbles to huge boulders, Man had had it. He sued for peace.

The Rock-Fast Agreement, in which Man agreed that it was utter folly to encase a pet rock in a fancy box. Such gaudy covering may be suitable for a diamond, a fine watch, etc., but not for any self-respecting pet rock.

"Never again!" vowed the pet rocks.



TOMB OF THE
UNKNOWN
HOOKER

TRAILER CAMP

Confidential

OUR STORY SO FAR: WHEN WE LEFT THE COLORFUL DENIZENS OF THE POINT NADA, N.J. TRAILER CAMP, HELEN WEALS HAD SUCCEEDED IN SEDUCING THE PERENNIAL OBJECT OF HER AFFECTION, FRANK LEE, IN FULL VIEW OF THE LATTER'S CATATONIC WIFE. AS WE TUNE IN ON OUR FRIENDS NOW, WE FIND FRANK BIDDING HELEN GOODBY...



MEANWHILE, IN ANOTHER PART OF THE CAMP...

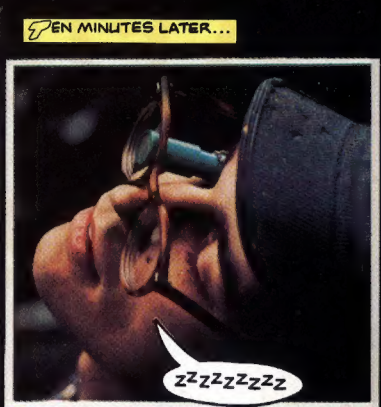




I DON'T CARE NONE IF SHE IS ONLY A PICTURE, SHE'S STILL NEARABOUT THE PRETTIEST GAL I EVER SEEN.

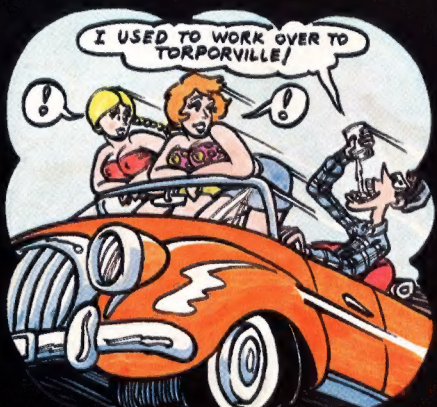


TRAVIS?

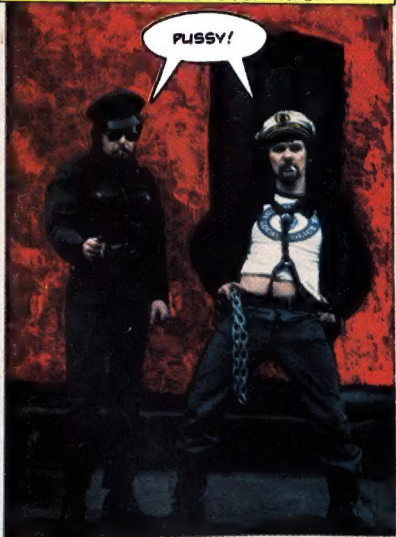


TEN MINUTES LATER...

ZZZZZZZZZZ



TWO BIKERS APPEAR, AS IF OUT OF NOWHERE, TO MAKE OUTRAGEOUS DEMANDS...



...ONLY TO VANISH AS MYSTERIOUSLY AS THEY CAME...



AND NOW FOR AN EXCITING SCENE FROM THE NEXT INSTALLMENT OF TRAILER CAMP CONFIDENTIAL...



TRAILER CAMP

Arthur Creature's Fish and Ships

The meal you
cannot make
at home!

